

The Strange German Character—O. G. Villard

The Nation

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Labor Bids for Power

Company Unions and A. F. of L. - Louis Adamic
Riot Guns in San Francisco - - - M. A. De Ford
Trial by Fire in Milwaukee - - - Florence Higgins
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THE UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH has discharged Dr. Ralph E. Turner, for nine years professor of history, and the ensuing reverberations are likely to shake the very foundations of the "Cathedral of Learning." Dr. Turner was formerly chairman of the Pennsylvania Security League, which militantly seeks social and economic reform through legislation, and makes no bones about its hatred of the Mellon-Grundy-Vare combine which once held Pennsylvania in its back pocket. After Dr. Colston E. Warne, professor of economics (now at Amherst), had been driven out of the university for his attacks on coal-field conditions, and five other liberals had been dropped, Dr. Turner quit his post as chairman of the Security League. But he continued his assaults upon the sweatshop and upon the social backwardness of the industrial commonwealth. Dr. Turner was voted the most popular man on the campus by the seniors of two years ago, and Chancellor John G. Bowman once called him "one of the ten best teachers in the college." Nevertheless he dismissed Dr. Turner, by a coincidence in the midst of a fund-raising campaign among the steel, iron, and aluminum magnates who make up the university's board

of trustees. But the Mellon-Grundy wire-pullers apparently forgot that their 1,000,000-vote majorities are no more and that they are faced with a Democratic opposition that threatens to sweep the State. The Turner case is being made a campaign issue, and the Democratic members of the Legislature will probe the matter very thoroughly when the university requests its usual annual financial aid from the commonwealth (for the 1933-35 biennium \$1,188,000 was thus granted). "There's a lot of good in Turner," Chancellor Bowman said, commenting on the dismissal. "He's not all bad by any means. But I believe the university could carry out its policy better without him around." What is the policy in question? It might make an interesting research assignment.

THE FACULTY of Harvard University has decided that the patenting of discoveries or inventions bearing on matters of health and therapeutics is undesirable, and hereafter the scientists in Harvard laboratories will not be permitted to take out such patents. It would seem to be so obvious as not to be worth voting on that the results of medical research in such a quasi-public institution of learning as Harvard should be given freely to the public, yet this quiet announcement is probably the epilogue to a particularly petty attempt to protect the profits from an important therapeutic device developed in a Harvard laboratory, even to the point of trying to keep off the market a superior and less costly machine. The story was told in *The Nation* of March 1, 1933. In May, 1929, Professor Philip Drinker of Harvard devised a respirator for use in cases of infantile paralysis and applied for a patent. In the two and a half years which elapsed before the patent was granted, John Haven Emerson, proprietor of a machine shop in Cambridge and by all accounts a sort of mechanical genius who knew not the ways of commerce, saw the Drinker machine and talked with its inventor about possible improvements. Drinker was not interested, but Emerson in his own shop made a superior machine which could be made for \$1,000 instead of \$2,300. In spite of the fact that the supply of such machines throughout the country is pitifully inadequate to cope with any serious epidemic of infantile paralysis, Dr. Drinker, who had sold the right of manufacture to a commercial firm and was receiving royalties, did not welcome Mr. Emerson's improvements. His manufacturer was even less pleased; and when the Drinker patent finally was issued, the manufacturer entered suit against Emerson for infringement. The short dispatch about the new ruling at Harvard fails to state whether it has any practical bearing on the Drinker-Emerson case but at least it makes impossible another such incident in at least one great university.

PERHAPS THE PLEASANTEST THING that has been said about Joseph P. Kennedy, chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, was said by Mr. Kennedy himself. Replying to an inquiring reporter, he remarked that he was "inclined to list himself as a liberal." No one else who has commented upon Mr. Kennedy's career

has been similarly inclined. He has instead been generally listed as a stock gambler on a grand scale. He was involved in one of the pool operations brought to light by Ferdinand Pecora in the hearings before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee. But on the other hand Mr. Kennedy has certain qualifications not overlooked by the watchful Mr. Farley, who conferred with the President on the day before the appointments to the commission were announced. Mr. Kennedy is an old friend and admirer of Mr. Roosevelt; he traveled with the Democratic candidate during the 1932 campaign; he contributed many thousands of dollars to the party war chest, and helped to raise many thousands more. As if to balance the old-fashioned Tammany tactics implied in this appointment, the President put four good men on the new commission, including Ferdinand Pecora and James M. Landis, both of whom are known to favor rigorous regulation to end stock manipulation and the type of speculation practiced by traders like Kennedy. It will be interesting to see how successful they will be in counteracting the influence of the chairman, who has already declared that legitimate speculation has nothing to fear from the new law and the new commission.

SOME OBSCURE ENEMY has wronged Mr. Irene Du Pont. The recent attacks upon the munitions makers, he thinks, issue from "a subservient force, instigated by the Third International and allied interests to weaken the defensive powers of the capitalist countries." Which capitalistic countries? Before the World War, Mr. Du Pont's firm was cheerfully weakening the defensive powers of the United States by handing over to a German concern discoveries made by chemists in the employ of our government. And at the moment Mr. Du Pont's crowd are doing what they can to weaken the Administration's attempt to stop that little capitalist war in the Chaco. One looks forward with pleasure to the testimony of Mr. Du Pont next fall at the hearings of the Nye Committee on munitions manufacture. He will have ample opportunity to air his wrongs, and Senators Nye and Bone can probably be trusted to do right by him.

THE DETERMINATION of subordinate officials in the Public Works Administration virtually to ignore the existence of local public-housing authorities and to embark on a program of direct federal slum clearance and low-cost housing should be promptly and vigorously repudiated by Secretary Ickes. New York's experience is a case very much in point. Last January Mr. Ickes sent the following telegram to Mayor LaGuardia:

The Public Works Emergency Housing Corporation has earmarked an amount not to exceed twenty-five million dollars available for loan to duly constituted New York City Housing Authority subject to submission satisfactory low-cost housing project which meets our approval.

The New York City Housing Authority, which was created as a direct result of these assurances, soon thereafter developed a program for a thirteen-block low-cost housing project in Williamsburg. The program was approved through constant consultation by officials of the Housing Division of the PWA. Under an agreement between the two bodies the Housing Authority obtained options for the PWA on a third of the necessary land. The PWA was

to acquire the land and then turn it over to the Housing Authority as part of its loan, advancing the remainder of the \$25,000,000 in cash with which the Housing Authority was to construct the buildings. A week or so ago Colonel Hackett, who has recently assumed direction of the Housing Division of the PWA and who had been a party to this agreement, announced that the PWA was going to come into New York and erect the buildings itself, reserving decision as to whether it would then turn them over to the Housing Authority to operate or make it merely a renting agency. In the first place this is an inexcusable breach of faith. It also violates every sensible principle both of government and economics. As an excuse for his change of policy Colonel Hackett has charged the New York Authority with indecision and delay. A careful check-up of the facts shows the delays and indecisions to have been all on the side of the PWA. Mr. Ickes should make an immediate personal review of this particular case as it affects the whole low-cost housing policy of his Administration.

RUDOLF HESS, Hitler's most trusted lieutenant, spoke almost tenderly to the French war veterans across the border. "As proud soldier speaking to proud soldier," he asked, "must this be [the horrors of war]? Can't we get together? Can't we, together, preserve mankind from such things by the use of good-will?" He praised the courage of the French soldier. He even praised Barthou, mentioning with particular approval the Foreign Minister's culture and capacity for appreciating Richard Wagner. His demand for peace was impassioned. But tenderness and praise and passion all rang a little hollow, and the words "good-will" fell with a ghoulish sound, from lips that had just extolled Hitler's heroic "severity" in murdering the Storm Troop leaders, innocent and guilty alike, "without any consideration and with lightning speed according to old military principles." And they contrast oddly with some of Herr Hess's former acts and sentiments. For Hess is an old Nazi, a class-room brawler and beer-hall fighter, who in 1924 wrote a ferocious poetic attack on France containing the lines:

Hey, Frenchie, that's a bad morning greeting!

You over there will have to die, that we may live. . . .

He was also praised by Hitler in "*Mein Kampf*" in these words:

Like wolves, in packs of eight and ten, they fell upon their foes and began to thrash them out of the hall. . . . Then I really began to know many men, and chief among them my brave Maurice, my present private secretary Hess. Of such stuff are Nazi statesmen and peace-lovers made.

THE NEW CABINET in Japan, headed by Admiral Okada, represents another of those inimitable compromises at which the Japanese are so adept. Following the assassination of Premier Inukai in May, 1932, neither of the extreme jingoist elements nor the discredited political parties, backed by the business interests, were in a strong enough position to assume the responsibilities of office. Accordingly a balance was struck in setting up the Saito government whereby the military-naval clique was allowed to control foreign policy and the civilian elements were given authority to regulate domestic affairs. As is so often the case in Japanese politics, Saito's downfall this past week was brought about by a relatively extraneous issue—a financial scandal in which

his government was not directly involved. The real cause of the change, however, appears to have been the desire of the younger naval officers for a leader who would be vigorous in pushing the demand for Japanese parity at the 1935 conference. Unable to dominate the situation sufficiently to secure a man of their own choice as Premier, the ultranationalists accepted the next best bet—an admiral belonging to the more moderate wing of the navy group. The remaining offices were then apportioned among the various factions with scrupulous regard for the niceties of the existing equilibrium. As indicated by the retention of Hirota as Foreign Minister and Hayashi as Minister of War, little or no change may be expected in Japan's attitude toward China or the Soviet Union.

IT MIGHT BE HOPED that working under the same sun, tilling the same soil, and suffering from the same general break-down of agriculture would, if anything could, shatter the ephemeral distinctions among separate farmers. But the bloody strike at the Seabrook Farms at Bridgeton, New Jersey, is disillusioning. Seabrook is a 5,000-acre truck farm. Before the strike 500 field hands were employed, picking crops and preparing them for canning. They were not itinerant workers. They lived in the neighborhood or in nearby Bridgeton. Many of them have had farms of their own, and eked out their scant livelihood with the 25 or 30 cents an hour Charles E. Seabrook, the owner, paid by agreement with the Agricultural and Cannery Workers Industrial Union. This NRA contract was signed in April. In June Seabrook received a \$200,000 loan from the Farm Credit Administration. Immediately he discharged 100 workers, speeded up the remainder, and cut wages to from 15 to 20 cents. The terms of the loan limited him as to payroll expenditures, he said in explanation of his action. The militant workers called a strike, their second (the first resulted in the April wage agreement). They picketed the farm, and carried on the usual peaceful strike activities. Vegetables worth \$25,000 rotted away. Unable to bear this waste, though their own crops also suffer from "surplus-itis," the farmers of the country (friends and neighbors of the striking workers, it will be recalled) formed a vigilantes' group, and took it upon themselves to break the strike. Thugs were imported from Philadelphia and Atlantic City. Scabs piled in by the truck-load. City and county police came out in full force. State police came, with billys and tear gas. They routed the pickets injuring several. As the last straw, 100 farmers, armed with shot-guns, volunteered for deputy sheriff service, to protect strike-breakers. In a second battle on July 9 dozens of workers were beaten and gassed, a barracks was burned, a score of arrests were made, and the Sheriff called upon the Governor of New Jersey to declare martial law.

PICKET LINES have formed before the Commerce Building in Washington. A small number of hardy souls, defying the Washington heat, have been carrying placards intended to shame General Johnson into reinstating John Donovan, discharged head of the NRA Employees' Union. Among other things, these placards call attention to the existence of Section 7-a and protest against the formation of company unions. It is hardly likely that General Johnson will be budged by the pickets or by their placards. Nevertheless, the picketing has already had at least one important

effect, it has stirred into noble language that distinguished organ of liberal opinion, Mr. Eugene Meyer's *Washington Post*. In an editorial entitled *Bargaining with the State* the *Post* has resurrected theories of political sovereignty which, one would have imagined, died with Hobbes. "Employees of the government belong in a class apart," the editorial states. "Trade-union organization as such has no place in the government service," it continues. And then the editorial reaches its climax: "The state does not bargain with its employees. It commands. The sooner that elemental lesson is learned by those who think that trade unionism can exist under bureaucracy, the nearer we shall be to constructive solution of real industrial problems." On one essential point, however, the *Washington Post* is unclear: Is General Johnson the state? Are his prejudices and whimsies to be regarded as an expression of sovereign power? And how about this idea that "the state does not bargain with its employees"? Has the learned editor never heard of a lobby conducted by government employees? Or does he merely believe that the NRA union, instead of addressing itself directly to its boss, should try to get Congress and the President to go after him?

THE CITY OF NEW YORK is about to award a bus franchise containing provisions effectively outlawing the company union or any of its disguised relatives. Although the franchise in question is a relatively unimportant one, the collective-bargaining clause containing the company-union ban is to be incorporated into every other franchise awarded by the LaGuardia administration. Clause 28 of the franchise to the Avenue B and East Broadway Transit Company seems far removed from the vague generalities of Section 7-a of NIRA or the ambiguous Wagner bill. It reads:

The company agrees not to permit the existence of, or to deal with, any company-controlled union or association, and to that end it agrees that it will not participate in, encourage, or give financial support to the formation of any union or association of its employees, or participate in the management or control of any such union or association after its formation.

Equally unprecedented are the provisions prohibiting the bus company from discriminating against any employee because of race, color, or creed and requiring it to recognize and deal with the representatives of its employees. In the event of a dispute concerning who are such representatives, the Mayor or the Board of Estimate is empowered to determine them. If the company defaults in any of its obligations under the collective-bargaining clause, the city is empowered to terminate the franchise on three days' notice. Not only is Jim Crowism barred to the company, but any union of bus employees is also forbidden to deny membership to anyone because of race, color, or creed.

ANOTE OF WISTFUL sensitiveness has crept into the administration of emergency relief. In the L. W. D. offices in Pennsylvania (and by now presumably elsewhere) relief workers have been instructed how to meet certain embarrassing little difficulties that often crop up. "When a person comes in and says he will commit suicide unless you give him a job," the instructions are, "be sure and report it to your superior immediately. Then if he does commit suicide, you won't have it on your conscience."

Can Labor Enforce Section 7-a?

FTER enough shooting, gassing, and casualties to equip a small Latin American palace revolution, the California National Guard unlocked the Golden Gate, and the shipping traffic, paralyzed for two months, is moving again under police and military protection. But the battle is not over. The marine workers are still out and fourteen unions, including the teamsters, have threatened to declare a general strike. The two months' tie-up brought about a depression within a depression. Now, if the general strike is called, the situation is likely to move again into the phase of open warfare which has characterized every major strike movement during the past six months.

All of these conflicts, of course, are rooted in the broken promises of the NRA. While the President talks peace and amity to the Haitians, the Colombians, and the world at large, the radio of the S.S. Houston is sputtering news of war all over the industrial map of America. Section 7-a was in effect a promissory note given to labor to insure its support of the NRA and of the Administration. Industry also got its promissory note, in the form of a suspension of the anti-trust laws and the incorporation of price-fixing provisions in the codes. Since big business, organized in trade associations, controlled the code authorities, industry was able to collect on this promissory note of the Administration, and continues to collect, despite the protests of the Darrow Board in behalf of small business and the consumer. Labor, lacking equally powerful organization, has been far less successful in collecting its promissory note. The government has repeatedly defaulted on the clear obligation written into Section 7-a in the Weirton case; in the automobile settlement; last and most miserably in the case of the Harriman Mills, which cheerfully defied the screams of General Johnson's moulting Blue Eagle.

But the promissory note of Section 7-a is still a matter of record. It is good strictly in proportion to the debtor's ability to enforce collection. In Toledo, labor collected a partial payment in the teeth of the powerful Automobile Chamber of Commerce. It did this by calling in militant political leadership, by reinforcing the striking Auto-Lite workers with masses of unemployed workers, by openly challenging the courts and the police, and by staging a pitched battle with the National Guard which the authorities did not dare press to its final issue. Something very similar happened in Minneapolis, where the Communist League of America took the leadership (in Toledo it was the American Workers Party, and in San Francisco the Communist Party has played an important role.) In Minneapolis, too, the strike of the truck drivers was well organized and militant; the fragile settlement was soon broken by the employers, and there too a general strike is threatened. The story of the Milwaukee strike, told elsewhere in this issue, describes what was in effect the uprising of a whole community against an arrogant public-utility capitalist. In this case it was apparently militant Socialist leadership that brought the unemployed into action, and played an important part in winning the strike. Also in this issue, Miriam A. De Ford tells the story of the battle of the Embarcadero. Better than the muted

press accounts it makes clear that the marine-workers strike is giving San Francisco a taste of something very like civil war. In Mobile, where the longshoremen have gone back to work on the ship operators' terms, and elsewhere all up and down the Pacific, Atlantic, and Gulf seaboard the conflicts differed not in essential nature, but merely in degrees of violence. In Portland, Oregon, the marine workers are still out and a general strike is threatened.

In Akron 30,000 rubber workers, influenced by the precarious success of that Toledo outbreak, are trying to shake off the crippling bonds of the A. F. of L. craft unions in preparation for effective strike action. Meanwhile the manufacturers have piled up a five-months' supply of finished tires. In the Scioto marshlands of Hardin County, Ohio, a 100 per cent strike of the onion field workers has brought General Connolly, of the Ohio National Guard, to the scene; this, after the tenant farmers, laborers, and sharecroppers, reinforced by the Unemployed League, had rejected the "settlement" of the federal conciliator, who proposed fifteen cents an hour as the basic wage instead of the current eight to thirteen cents an hour! In Butte, Montana, the power of the Anaconda Copper Company is being challenged by the International Union of Mine, Mill, and Smeltermen. Violence, strictly in the tradition of "bloody Butte," broke out last week when a chain was thrown over the power line into the Belmont mine, stopping the pumps for ten minutes, and a scab truck driver was taken to the hospital with a broken head. Ward Kinney tells the story of the Butte strike in next week's issue of *The Nation*.

Surely all these developments prove that General Johnson, whatever his deficiencies of mind and temperament, has been a good school master. Labor has learned from him that the NRA's promises to labor have not been and will not be fulfilled; further, that when labor plays its high card, the threat of the general strike to force fulfilment of these promises, then the power of the state is joined with the power of the employers to see that they are not fulfilled. In other words, the President's New Deal for labor has resulted merely in a series of defaulted promises, followed by imposed, unstable truces designed to disguise this default, while in effect ratifying it. But no peace is in sight; the government's attempts at mediation are repeatedly stalemated.

Labor's revolt is not revolution, and cannot be, in the absence of an effectively organized revolutionary movement, which has not yet appeared in this country. But clearly, the rapid spread of the strike wave, characterized by increasing violence and increasing willingness on the part of hitherto conservative labor elements to invoke the dangerous weapon of the general strike, means that the conflict of forces is developing. Labor is not going to take the defaults of the New Deal lying down; it is not going to be put off with new promises that merely take the place of other promises already broken. If the President will not or cannot enforce Section 7-a, perhaps labor can and will. Three weeks from now Mr. Roosevelt will be back in the White House. It will be interesting to watch the reaction of the President's celebrated political sensitivity to the new turn of events. Will he "crack down?" And on whom?

Boards, Boards, Boards

IT began last summer with the establishment of the National Cotton Textiles Industrial Relations Board. Shortly thereafter, the Wagner board was created. Since then, labor boards have proliferated until today they fill the landscape of industrial relations. First, the National Labor Relations Board and its immediate affiliates, steel and longshoremen. Second, boards set up by the NRA in connection with codes: cotton, silk, and wool textiles, bituminous-coal, newspaper-publishing, lumber, trucking, and so forth. Third, code boards independent of the NRA: petroleum (under the Petroleum Administration) and automobile (thanks to the March 25 settlement).

We see here emerging an elaborate system for governing industrial relations under Section 7-a. This system may be taken to express the Administration's labor policy. The government will not lend a direct hand to the job of bringing the employers and the trade unions to terms. Instead the government will assist in the creation of appropriate instrumentalities to perform this function.

It is doubtful, however, whether most of the boards now flowering in Washington pastures are fit instruments for their chief task: forcing our anti-union industrialists to bow to the clear provisions of the law requiring them to deal with trade unions. This might not be true if the Administration were inspired with a forthright will to put Section 7-a into effect. Unfortunately, the Administration manifests no such will. It projects its labor boards in *vacuo*. It projects them, not for the purpose of imposing New Deal labor policies upon Old Deal employers, but simply because it is expedient to maintain the industrial peace. The history of Senator Wagner's board is instructive. So long as the board contented itself with forestalling and checking strikes, things ran smoothly for it. In the course of time, the board advanced to a theory of industrial relations leading straight toward union recognition and collective agreements. This brought into play opposing forces which finally wrecked the board and ended its existence.

Virtually all of the new labor boards have been conceived in error. No doubt they have been modeled after devices for administering industrial relations which have proved more or less successful in a number of industries, for example, clothing and anthracite-coal. But clothing and anthracite-coal are organized industries wherein trade unionism has taken deep root. The employers recognize the trade union. What is more, the employers and the trade union are bound one to the other by a collective agreement. The board's job, accordingly, is the relatively simple one of interpreting and applying the specific provisions of an existing agreement. There are no psychological barriers to break down; no fixed habits to transform. The board is not called upon to waste its energies in battering away at a stubborn anti-union psychology. A totally different state of affairs confronts the boards created under Section 7-a. True, they have a document to administer, a code of fair competition, which on the surface resembles a collective agreement. In fact, however, only a handful of the NRA codes are the fruit of prior collective bargaining: the clothing codes, the soft-coal code, the legitimate-theater code, hardly any others. It is the least of

the functions of these boards to interpret and apply the labor provisions of the code bearing on hours, wages, and other working conditions. Their chief problem arises when a trade union, fresh from an organizational campaign, seeks to press home recognition demands against employers determined not to grant them.

In their natural growth, labor boards have evolved as a device for regulating collective agreements—where there is already a mutual will to agree. In their hot-house forcing by the Roosevelt Administration, labor boards are applied to the composition of industrial disputes arising out of the unwillingness of employers to bargain collectively. Can the same mechanism be expected to perform successfully two utterly distinct if not positively opposed functions? This seems to us doubtful despite the care and conscience with which the President selected the personnel of the new National Labor Relations Board. Lloyd Garrison, Harry A. Millis, and Edwin S. Smith are not only experienced and intelligent; they will almost certainly attempt to induce employers to observe the intent and letter of Section 7-a. But they are confronted with an opposition that has wrecked the board that preceded them and has driven other men of similar liberal sympathies to the support of hopeless compromises such as the automobile settlement. And they take office at a moment of labor unrest unprecedented in the post-war years.

Hitler Moves Right

AS the smoke from Nazi rifles begins to lift from the scene of tragedy, it becomes possible to obtain a clearer view of the background and significance of the recent sanguinary events in the Reich. While it is still difficult either to verify or disprove the existence of an organized anti-Hitler conspiracy within the ranks of the Storm Troopers, there is abundant evidence of disaffection and a fundamental clash of interests which made a showdown inescapable. It is illuminating to note, for example, that Ernst Roehm, founder of the Storm Troops, had always possessed a totally different conception of the use of that body from that held by his close personal friend and chief, Adolf Hitler. As a military man, Captain Roehm was primarily interested in building up a large well-disciplined army which could form the backbone of German defense in the case of war. Hitler, on the other hand, looked upon the S.A. as a political weapon to be used for the seizure and consolidation of power. Differences over this issue are said to have been largely responsible for Roehm's resignation in 1925, which Hitler did not even deign to acknowledge; and it was not until 1930 that matters were patched up sufficiently for him to resume his post.

Recent political and economic developments had served to reopen this long-standing conflict. Roehm's proposal that all German youth be compelled to undergo a period of military training in the S.A. had been rejected, chiefly because of the opposition of France. Meanwhile the Storm Troopers, composed almost entirely of young men without other means of support, had become openly discontented over the delay in putting the socialist half of the Nazi program into effect. And while it is doubtful whether this dissatisfaction would have led to a "second revolution," as alleged by Goering, it

had already been capitalized by Roehm in his demand for a showdown. To the conservative element in the government, reorganization and reduction in the size of the S.A. seemed to be the only answer, both as a protection against the threat of an uprising and as a means of lessening France's objection to German rearmament. Judging by all indications, the Storm Troop leaders would not have strenuously opposed such a move if they had been permitted to take a number of their best men into an enlarged Reichswehr. This possibility was blocked, however, by the officers of the latter body who had always been luke-warm toward the Nazis and who preferred to draw their recruits from the more conservative Stahlhelm. The attempt of the S.A. leaders to ban the Steel Helmets forced the issue. A choice had to be made, and when it was announced that the Storm Troopers would be given a leave during the month of July it was evident that the so-called radical wing of the party had lost its battle.

That Hitler's coup marks a definite swing to the right has been borne out by subsequent events. Despite his recent attack on the theoretical bases of National Socialism, Von Papen has been retained as Vice-Chancellor—an obvious concession to Hindenburg. The Storm Troops will be purged of non-party elements and greatly reduced in numbers. Most noteworthy, however, has been the granting of virtually dictatorial power over all German commercial and financial activities to Kurt Schmitt, Minister of Economics. In an attempt to curb the growing adverse balance of trade which has reduced the gold ratio of the Reichsbank to a nominal 2 per cent, Herr Schmitt, who is known as a conservative, may be expected to insist on wage-reductions and a curtailment of Hitler's extravagant job-making program, so that German exports may once more compete on favorable terms in the world's markets. Evidence of a rightward trend may also be seen in the compromise reached at London on July 4 in which Germany agreed to pay full interest to British holders of the Dawes and Young plan bonds. Although England exacted this concession on the threat of impounding German balances, it will be difficult for the Reich to refuse to grant similar terms to American and other holders of the bonds. Even the assumption of this partial obligation, so bitterly opposed by Schacht, makes action for bringing German economy in line with that of the outside world more imperative.

There remains the question of the effect of these events on the trend of German politics. Do they represent a consolidation of National Socialist power, or the beginning of its downfall? Backed by the combined forces of the Reichswehr and the S.S. (*Schutz-Staffel*), Hitler's position seems relatively secure at the moment. With the S.A. reduced to a shadow of its former self, no group save the military leaders themselves will be in a position to challenge the authority of the government. But by casting his lot with the right, Hitler has irrevocably narrowed the basis of his support. This action may enable him to escape some of the inner contradictions of his regime, but it cannot allay the growing discontent of which the alleged conspiracy was a symptom. The reorganization of the Storm Troops can serve only to drive thousands of disillusioned Nazis into the ranks of the despised Marxists. Although the ranks of the Communists and Socialists have been enormously reduced by Nazi terror, recent reports from Germany indicate a marked growth in their underground activities, a development which is likely to be accentuated if the Nazis adopt a reactionary policy.

Consumer Goods

THE current issue of "The Golden Book" publishes in translation an amusing skit by Ilf and Petrov, the Russian authors of that remarkable satiric novel "The Little Golden Calf." This time they are concerned with the editor of a boy's magazine who summoned a successful author, told him that youthful readers were beginning to rebel against a continuous diet of instructive literature, and ordered a novel of pure adventure—something like "Robinson Crusoe" but with, of course, a Soviet slant. After an appropriate interval the author returned with a completed manuscript which seemed to fill the bill. A Russian sailor, lone survivor of a shipwreck, was washed ashore on a desert island; he engaged in a single-handed struggle with nature, and was rescued after a period of years.

Unfortunately, however, the editor was not satisfied. He failed to perceive the Soviet slant and he was not convinced when it was explained to him that the sailor was a Soviet citizen who demonstrated how successfully such citizens were equipped for the struggle against nature. Where, he demanded, was the chairman of the committee and how did the author suppose that Soviet life could be represented without a Chairman of a Committee? It was finally agreed that a gentleman to fill this office should be washed ashore along with Robinson, but the editor was still not satisfied: "Who," he demanded, "is going to collect the dues?" Positively there must be a girl to collect Robinson's dues and there must also be a safe to keep them in. The rum which came ashore on the raft must be thrown overboard to be replaced by a safe and, of course, a table at which the chairman of the committee could meet with himself. Editors being the authoritative creatures that they are, the manuscript was completely rewritten. Not only the chairman and the girl but a whole skeletonized bureaucracy came ashore with Robinson and the theme became something much more than merely the struggle of man against nature. It became the struggle of a properly collectivized man against nature.

Maxim Gorky was recently asked what kind of books were best liked in Russia. "Any kind," he is reported to have replied, "which doesn't have any tractors in it." Nor do we see any reason why either Gorky's remark or the story of the Soviet Crusoe should be taken to indicate any decline of revolutionary fervor. Both may indicate only that the Soviet citizen is beginning to demand "consumer goods" in literature as well as in other commodities. The authorities may well consent to having them supplied and they need not thereby recognize the validity of any aesthetic chatter about the superior importance of "pure art." They need only say to themselves that the worker who has spent the day increasing the production of steel, assembling tractors, and listening to statistics on power output may reasonably feel that he has, at the end of the day, a right to expect something tangible in the way of better food and sportier clothes. Stories which are interesting in themselves instead of being merely incentives to further effort may then be put in the same class with a pork chop or a new pair of comfortable boots. They contribute nothing to the building of socialism but they are legitimate consumer goods, and if the demand for such goods is increasing surely this is nothing to worry about.

Issues and Men

The Strange German Character

THE blood-bath in Germany by means of which Hitler has "purged his party" of its alleged mutineers—as to whose guilt no evidence has as yet been allowed to reach the outer world—cannot fail to do the German people harm wherever the news of it is read. For, as *The Nation* has said, those horrible reports cannot be laid at the doors of Jewish libelers or foreign enemies; fifty deaths are now officially admitted, which means that the actual number must be very much larger. This standing up and shooting after three-minute trials of leaders who the day before were among the elect of the Hitlerites, or the outright murder of others like General von Schleicher and his wife, we might expect in a Balkan state or in a South American revolution, but never in a country which boasts of its high *Kultur* and its civilization. These horrors will only start up afresh, and seem to justify the wartime-atrocity propaganda stories of the Allies. They will stamp Hitler for all time as a bloody tyrant who lost his head and slaughtered left and right without any thought of what this would do to Germany's standing before the world. They will raise up dozens of enemies for him in the Storm Troop ranks for every leader that he kills. Murder on this scale inevitably begets more murder.

Yet so odd is the German character that I have no doubt that we shall have thousands of prominent Germans applauding Hindenburg's telegrams of approval to Goering and Hitler and having no difficulty whatever in rationalizing acts which they would be the first to denounce as evidence of purest barbarism had they occurred in any other country than their own. I expect also that in Germany and among myriads of German-Americans there will be plenty who will swallow the statement of that silly ass, Dr. Hanfstaengl, that Hitler by his murders saved not only Germany but all the world. His reasoning is, I suppose, that if Hitler had fallen Germany would have been lost and without Germany the world could not survive. This again reflects the amazing processes of the German mind. Hanfstaengl probably thinks that the fiction that Hitler by his accession to power saved Europe as well as Germany from communism was widely believed here and there and that this theme of Germany's noble saving of the world by killing mutineers without counting the cost will also render service in whitewashing men who are, if the truth be told, among the worst and bloodiest criminals in the world.

Only last week I received a letter from an old friend in Germany, the wife of a distinguished university professor in a Hanoverian city, repeating the old story that "if the National Socialists had not won, bolshevism would not only have conquered Germany but all of Europe perhaps with the exception of Italy." "So," she added, "the National Socialist success was our sole salvation from complete bolshevist barbarism." Undoubtedly the writer believes this absurdity; there is a certain childishness and gullibility in the German character which makes their minds more susceptible to mass psychology than even the American mentality—as Hitler has demonstrated so clearly. I have no doubt my corre-

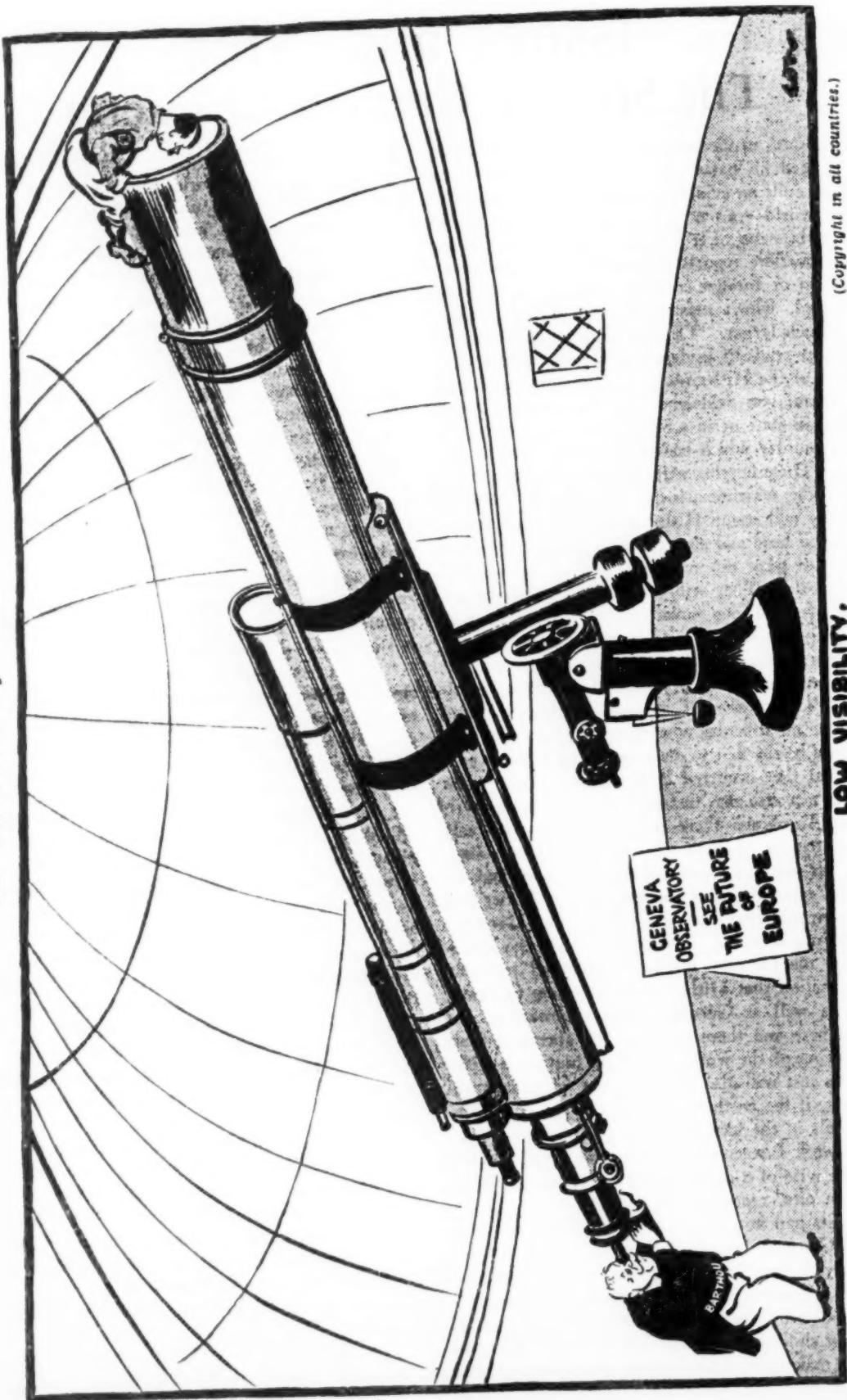
spondent will similarly agree with Hanfstaengl that Hitler has again saved the world by slaughtering those fifty good and true, pure-blooded, and blond Aryans, without a drop of Jewish blood in their veins, of whom she and all National Socialists were so proud until recently. Until, in fact, Hitler a fortnight ago decided to butcher them—as the noble fifty had previously imprisoned, tortured, and butchered in those happy days of March and April, 1933, when they were free to wreak their vengeance upon any and all pacifists, Socialists, Communists, and all other individuals whom they disliked. Salvation from bolshevist barbarism? Good heavens, how can one differentiate morally between the slaughtering of the bolsheviks, between Mussolini's atrocious blood-letting in the early days of his regime, and these foul crimes of Hitler? There may have been more in Russia than anywhere else but that does not mitigate the guilt of Hitler and Goering a single iota. I shall write my correspondent that barbarism already rules in the Third Reich and that it will be amazing, indeed, should the threatened economic disaster come on top of the Hitler murders, if we do not yet see the establishment of a communist government in Germany, and not in the far distant future either.

Yet I have no doubt that in the face of all this barbarity, the odd German character will manifest itself anew by more of the unending bitter complaints that we have had ever since 1914, that the world does not understand Germany, that it is unjust to it, that it is so credulous as always to believe the worst of Germany. There will continue to be the same bewildered protests that the Germans are not accepted by the rest of the world at their own rating as the greatest and most cultured race in all the world, who, as Hitler has said, are a people divinely appointed to lead the human race to greater heights than have ever been achieved before. They will resent bitterly the world's irresistible outcry because the assassins of General von Schleicher "accidentally killed" his wife when they killed him. Ludwig Lewisohn put it rightly some months ago when he wrote in a magazine article that the Germans were suffering from a hopeless inferiority complex; that their greatest cross is that they cannot win the good-will of the rest of the world and the recognition of their complete superiority to everybody else.

Oh, the pity of it! The pity that a people of such great qualities, such lovable traits when taken individually, that such kindly and well-meaning millions so gifted in all fields of science, industry, and invention, are impelled by some terrible daemon to put themselves always in the wrong, to ruffle the feelings and outrage the sensibilities of the rest of the world they seek so eagerly to win to a recognition of their own innate kindliness and desire for righteousness!

B. G. Garrison Tillard

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Labor Bids for Power

Riot Guns in San Francisco

By MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD

San Francisco, July 7

AT the southeast corner of Steuart and Mission streets, in San Francisco, near the headquarters of the International Longshoremen's Association, men chalked a rough square. In it they lettered the words: "Two men killed here, murdered by police." Others came and heaped the square high with flowers; men knelt and prayed, or stood watching with hats in their hands. Then the police came, rubbed off the chalked words, and dumped the flowers into a patrol wagon. They ordered the hatless men away.

Bloody Thursday was over.

In a series of skirmishes that were more battles than riots, two strikers, Howard Sperry and George Coundourakis, were dead; several others lay near death; thirty or more were shot; nearly a hundred, including a score of policemen, were badly enough injured by clubs, tear gas, or bricks to require hospital treatment. Two of the wounded were a man and a woman shot, one in the head and one in the arm, when bullets struck a Municipal Railway street car approaching the Ferry Building. Strictly speaking, Coundourakis was not a striker; he belonged to the Cooks' and Waiters' Union and was reporting the strike for the International Labor Defense. But he and Sperry are to be buried at a joint funeral attended by all union locals in San Francisco. There is no doubt that many thousands will turn out.

The battles raged all day, July 5, from Rincon Hill throughout the section of San Francisco bounded by the Embarcadero, Townsend Street, Third Street, and Market Street—all the warehouse district "south of the Slot" and near the waterfront. The worst engagement of the day took place on lower Market Street just as offices were letting out their employees and continued to the Ferry Building itself, where 25,000 commuters, with no other way of getting home, were endangered by bullets and tear gas, and herded like frightened steers into the various waiting-rooms. Meanwhile thousands of heedless curiosity-seekers crowded the edges of the fighting, standing on every available spot raised above the sidewalk, so as to make easy targets. Some of them were injured, and they deserved to be.

The objective in the morning was to stop the trucks, each with its police convoy, which were rolling out of Pier 38, the Matson Line, to a warehouse near the Southern Pacific Railroad Station. The Industrial Association had announced the port open to commerce at 1:25 Tuesday afternoon. For the sake of holiday travelers, no attempt was made to haul freight on July 4. Early Thursday morning it started again. Trucks were overturned, drivers beaten, goods dumped. The strikers set fire to dry grass in a vacant lot and the firemen turned the hose full on them.

In the afternoon it was the State-owned Belt Line Railway, carrying freight cars up and down the Embarcadero, that was the object of attack. Two crews, fearing for their lives, had already refused to take out a train, even on penalty of dismissal. Two box cars were burned. Men lay

in the tracks where the engine would have to run them down. The crews were showered with bricks and stones.

That night, at ten o'clock, the National Guard took charge, called out finally by Governor Frank F. Merriam, who had hesitated unnaturally long to help his friends the shippers because he is a candidate for reelection (or rather for election; he merely succeeded, as Lieutenant-Governor, when Governor Rolph died), and strikers and strike-sympathizers have votes. Detachments were called from San Francisco itself, and from surrounding towns from San Jose and Gilroy to Berkeley and San Rafael. It is said that among these guardsmen there are about fifty who are actually themselves striking stevedores. If they refuse to fire when ordered, they can be court martialed. The waterfront of San Francisco has been declared in "a state of riot," which is the next step before martial law. The armory at Fourteenth and Mission streets is heavily guarded, following persistent rumors that it was to be dynamited.

The attitude of the police is a curious one. Many of the regular waterfront police were once longshoremen themselves. Then men were moved to the waterfront from all over the city, 750 of them, led in person by Police Chief William J. Quinn. At one hour some of these policemen would fraternize with the strikers, buy tickets to their benefit dances, share with them sandwiches from the ships. An hour later these same policemen would ride strikers down, club them viciously, shoot straight into milling crowds, hold tear gas bombs against a striker's flesh so that it was torn and burnt.

General strike talk grows. The conservative leaders of the Central Labor Council have tried to head it off by appointing an "investigating committee." But meetings are called of teamsters, ferryboatmen, street-car employees, and one huge mass meeting to which all crafts are asked to send delegates. A general strike would call out 45,000 workers, and probably put the whole city under martial law. Charges of communist control fly back and forth—the port opening coincided with a drive against communism by the American Legion. Teamsters even now will not haul scab-loaded goods anywhere,* machinists and welders will not work on ships with scab crews. All the nine maritime unions stand close together with ranks unbroken. There is much covert sabotage by sympathetic workers; try, for example, to get a taxi driver to take you to the Ferry Building.

The National Longshoremen's Board, appointed by President Roosevelt, and consisting of Archbishop Hanna, Assistant Secretary of Labor McGrady, and a lawyer named Cushing, begged both sides to let it arbitrate. Both sides agreed, but under "conditions so impossible of fulfilment" that the board would not even reveal them. On both sides the fundamental question is that of control of hiring halls; neither will give way an inch on that vital issue. The board announces it will now, by the powers vested in it by the federal government, hold open meetings, subpoena witnesses, and force the election of representatives who must submit to arbitration. Nothing can be done through the I.L.A.

* The teamster's union, by a count of 1,220 to 217, voted on July 8 to strike in sympathy with the longshoremen.

except by a coast-wide ballot of members. In the midst of this solidarity, the lonely figure of Lee J. Holman, deposed local president of the I.L.A., pipes of the desire of his new little organization, the San Francisco and Bay District Longshoremen's Association, to go back to work if the wicked communists will let them; Holman has even applied to President Ryan of the I.L.A. for a charter in the A. F. of L.

All is quiet, as I write, along the Embarcadero, where boys who still shave twice a week man machine guns, and a police airplane circles overhead. Today and tomorrow there will be meetings to consider a general strike, Monday will be the funeral of Sperry and Coundourakis. The scab-manned trucks are moving unmolested from dock to warehouse and back. It is the lull before the thunder sounds.

Trial By Fire

By FLORENCE HIGGINS

Milwaukee, July 7

WHAT is it?" "What happened?" "Oh, Christ, they killed a man. Oh, Father in Heaven, they burned him."

The crowd had surged forward like one body carried by its thousands of feet. Then in a second it had broken up. It was like a solid sheet of ice cracking with a great roar. The mass had become individuals, each seeking his own escape. From what? We didn't know. Nobody knew. We ran, the blonde, slim, silk-stockinged legs of girls flashing, workmen's shoes thumping heavy and solid, rushing, stumbling, slipping, dodging.

And after that vindictive dart of blue-rose fire from the window of the beleaguered Lakeside Power Plant, last stand of the Milwaukee Electric Railway and Light Company in the strike which had already stopped all street-car traffic, it was dark.

The great arc lights outside the plant had gone long ago, dying in puffs of smoke as rocks struck them. "The boys make pretty good pot shots, don't they?" a deputy had said comfortably, watching them. But M. N. Osborne, one of the striking employees, had begged us, "Stay away from that fence. You don't know what you're monkeying with. This is the company's last stand, and they'll stop at nothing to defend it. They don't fear God, man, the devil, or government. There's women in this crowd. My wife's here. We don't want blood, but you're going to get it if you monkey around with that fence."

The great building itself was dark, but there was stealthy movement in it. Heads showed from the roof, watching, intent. And then the fence had gone down, then the flash of fire, then the blind rush into the blind darkness, then the slow return, and the question tossed like a ball from one to another of us, "What happened? What happened?"

Well, nobody knows what happened, though there have been answers given. Right after the riot some of us compared what we had seen and it looked like this to all of us:

The five kids were quite a bit ahead of the rest of us. The company men were behind an embankment in the yard where the rocks couldn't get at them (but some of them did anyhow, because four men were taken out in an ambulance later with everybody standing around and yelling "Scab!"

at them). They were playing streams of water from fire hoses on the crowd, and somebody got the idea that if they could break through the fence and get behind the wall of the plant itself they could nail the hose men in a hurry.

Eugene Domagalski, though nobody knew who he was then, was ahead. He and these four others rushed in through the gap when the section of fence went down. Domagalski got up to the bushes that line the edge of the plant. That was where it happened. Arville Schaleben, the reporter for the *Journal*, was close, and he said the flash of blue flame looked five or six feet long "as if it jumped from the building and raced through his body."

For a second, the boy's whole body seemed to glow, as though it were illuminated (this is what Schaleben says, and the others; this I didn't see myself) and the glowing body bounced right back "as though he'd bumped up against a rubber barrier." His head lay towards the crowd when he fell. He looked limp as a rag doll out in the rain, "as though every bone in his body were dissolved."

It must have been five or ten minutes before an officer came. Everybody was afraid to touch the kid. If it had been a shot, if it had been a knife, they would have known what to do. But this death in a blue flame had an element of unreality that seemed to paralyze us all. When they carried the kid away, with his legs just dangling loose like cooked spaghetti, one big-shouldered fellow kept saying, "Oh, God, I'm sick to my stomach. Honest to God, my stomach's just turning over. I seen guys get killed before, but I never seen a murder in cold blood."

At the inquest, the coroner's verdict was that Domagalski died "of his own neglect." Frank Brindza, who was burned when Domagalski was killed, testified that Domagalski was carrying an iron pipe. He said it was too dark for him to notice whether Domagalski had pushed the iron rod through the power plant window. Deputy sheriffs and Electric Company officials had said he struck high voltage apparatus within the plant with an iron rod. Everybody talked about the rod later, but nobody talked about it that night in the crowd.

Schaleben was one of the first into the enclosure; he went in with the deputy to get the kid, and he didn't see it. He didn't see any hole in the window, either, though a newspaper picture taken next day showed one. The coroner's verdict read merely that "he held part of the fence and came in contact with high voltage wires or machines."

The awed whisper that went through the crowd that night was: "It was a cold-blooded trap. The company had high voltage wires strung up in those bushes." One of the deputies and a company guard both testified at the inquest that there weren't any live wires "planted" around as a trap, and no evidence was brought in to show that there were. But that was what the crowd said.

This was the third, and as it turned out to be, the last night, of rioting in the electric-company strike. It was not, from the first, a strike like any other the city had ever had. At the least, 157 (the company's claim) at the most, 400 (claimed by the unions) strikers were actually involved. Yet crowds of 10,000 here, 5,000 there, several thousand at another spot, turned out on each night not only to encourage the small bands of pickets vocally, but actually to battle with the police and the defenders of the company's property.

A fat man was standing on the curb with his wife on

Wednesday night during the riot at the Kinnickinnic Avenue car barns. Tears trickled from his eyes ludicrously, while his lips grinned widely. Tear gas had just been hurled, and the fat man said it was just like horseradish. People near him laughed, and encouraged, he elaborated, "They should serve wienies with their sharp horseradish. Hey, cop, give us some wienies next time with that horseradish." We were jammed up against his sweating stomach by the crowd. Talk began about the small number of strikers, and the great size of the crowd, and the fat man said, "Don't be dumb. Don't kid yourself like the electric company is doing. This is no strike of a hundred and a couple men against the company. It's the people of Milwaukee against the chiselers and the big guys. If they lose this strike, unionism is dead in this town. If they lose this strike, every guy of us that works for a living loses."

Other people said the same thing in different ways. Daniel W. Hoan, Socialist mayor of the city, received a letter from S. B. Way, president of the company, serving notice that Way intended to hold the city of Milwaukee liable for any damages done to company property and injuries to company men. Mayor Hoan wrote in reply:

I now notify you and through you the most powerful trust the world has ever known . . . that you alone are solely responsible for the riots that have so far blotted the good name of the city. . . . Your attitude toward your employees, our people, our city, our federal government, is more arrogant than that of any ruler in the world. Uncle Sam himself has been compelled to rebuke the insolence by removing your Blue Eagle. You are now witnessing the harvest of pent-up public indignation you yourself have aroused.

Mayor M. V. Baxter, of West Allis, a suburb, wrote Mr. Way that "your appeal for protection comes with poor grace in view of your attitude towards attempts to settle the controversy peaceably," and that "I cannot promise you more assistance than we are legally compelled to provide." He concluded:

From personal observations among the alleged mob I am forced to the conclusion that this is not a strike of 80 or 157 employees, but rather a strike of some one-half mil-

lion citizens of Milwaukee County against a continued ruthless and soulless exploitation at a time when most people are hard pressed for the bare necessities of life. . . .

City Attorney Laurence Gram, of West Allis, not a Socialist, informed Way that "Your personal attitude of 'public be damned,' private business first and public interest last has finally become intolerable to the great mass of people. It is out of this feeling that public sympathy with the strike has arisen."

After the strike was called off Friday night and the terms were signed, John D. Moore, federal mediator, was asked by reporters what factors caused the accord which had appeared impossible 18 hours before. He told them, "The death of Domagalski and the shutting off of power." But white-collar workers and laborers, going to work on the street-cars from which the hated and ridiculed wire netting had been removed Saturday morning, said to each other: "Well, we won the strike. We showed 'em."

On the day that the strike ended it was reported that some Milwaukee business men, who had been meeting secretly, were preparing to lay before the district attorney that section of the Wisconsin statute which empowers him to issue warrants, if necessary, for mayors of any municipalities who fail to take action to quell riots. They called the letters "highly inflammatory and tending to arouse mob feeling and incite riots." It was also reported that the business leaders would urge police raids of communist headquarters on the charge that communist leaders were directing the strike. Neither of those things was done. Police did take into custody on suspicion of vagrancy forty-four private detectives imported by the electric company for service during the strike. When they were put through the bureau of identification one man was found to have served a six-year term in New York for murder. The police said seven bus-loads of imported guards had already left town.

Also, the first two of the unlawful assemblage and riot cases growing out of the strike were dismissed by Judge A. J. Hedding in district court, the court holding that to prove unlawful assemblage and rioting, the state must show that the suspect went to the scene with an unlawful purpose in mind.

Company Unions and the A. F. of L.

By LOUIS ADAMIC

ON Saturday, June 16—the day after the tragic fizzling-out of the militant rank-and-file strike movement in the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers, described in *The Nation* of two weeks ago—I went to a great steel workers' picnic, held in a vast park beside a lake on the outskirts of Canton, Ohio. The picnic was organized by the Sixth District of the A. A., which includes the lodges in Canton, Youngstown, and the lesser steel towns thereabouts. Several thousand workers were there, mostly steel men with their families and girl friends. It was an all-day affair. Most of the folks had baskets of eats with them, and beer, soda pop, hot dogs, sandwiches, and ice cream were to be had at the big pavilion near the shooting-galleries.

There were all sorts of "doings." Some of the younger people had a good time in and on the lake, diving, swimming, rowing. The children had their games, the merry-go-round, and other amusement devices. Some of the youngsters shouted hilariously and dashed about. Most of them, perhaps, looked healthy enough; not a few, however, were all too obviously working-class children growing up during a great economic crisis in dismal, musty dwellings along cinder-strewn streets and alley-ways. They were thin and old-looking, many of them wearing cheap eye-glasses; and malnutrition was the reason.

Women of all ages, wearing cheap clothes, sat on the grass in small groups, chatting, or just sitting in silence, keeping an eye on the kids. Some of them no doubt were

younger than they looked. Lots of them had bad teeth; for years they had had no money for dental work. A few of them, here and there, talked among themselves of what had happened in Pittsburgh the day before. No strike, thank God! They were relieved by the sudden turn of events. They approved the decision of the delegates to the "strike" convention not to strike. They didn't know (as I indicated in my last article) that that decision had been made for the delegates by President Roosevelt, Secretary of Labor Perkins, General Johnson, William Green, and the old leaders of the A. A. Anyhow, they were glad, these steel workers' wives, that the men were not going to strike right away. Times were so hard, and some of the men were just beginning to work again a little after years of almost steady idleness. And had a strike been started, some of the men would surely have been killed or wounded, for a number of the mills had armed for battle. What good would that have done?

"Of course," I overheard a woman say, "it would be different if we, I mean the men, could pull a real strike, a *real* one—all the steel and iron and tin workers organized in one union—all quitting at the same time, then just staying home till they got what they wanted, and none of 'em going near the mills to be shot at. But as things are now, the workers are all split up. Here are these A. A. lodges of Young Boys and Old Boys that don't get along: like cats and dogs. There's the communist union. All kinds of unions, none of 'em pullin' together. And then those company unions—"

"Those company unions," put in a second woman, quickly, "they are bad; if it wasn't for them—"

"They're bad, all right," said a third woman, listlessly, "but what can you do?"

The men, especially some of the younger men, the rank-and-filers, stood or sat about in small groups or around the tables in the pavilion, talking in snatches, smoking, munching sandwiches, drinking a bit, all palpably uncomfortable, bewildered, trying to appear indifferent. The shooting-galleries were not attracting many of them. I talked with a few. None really knew what had happened in Pittsburgh the previous day; what the labor movement or the NRA really was all about. I asked, "And what do you think of company unions?" "I'm against 'em," was the typical and prompt reply. "How about the other steel workers you know; do they feel the same as you?" I asked. The usual answer was, "Everybody I know is against company unions." The company unions were the only subject to which they reacted with spirit. In some instances the answer was a brusque, fierce laugh and a look which seemed to say, "You don't think we're saps enough to go for company unions, do you?"

In the afternoon, the speeches. None of the rank-and-file leaders spoke. None had any experience in talking to large crowds, and over the radio besides, for the speeches were broadcast. Moreover, as I have said before, all the rank-and-filers were confused; what could they say? . . . I did not hear all the speeches. The first one I listened to was by a former A. F. of L. union official whose name I forgot, now running for office in Canton; a thick, short man with a bull voice. He spoke of the grand and glorious American labor movement, its traditions, achievements: blah, blah . . . for ten minutes. The leaders of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers, he said, were about

to go to Washington, the capital of this great country, to be received there by the President of the United States, the great Mr. Roosevelt, in the White House: blah, blah . . . for another ten minutes. Our great President was to talk with these leaders of the A. A., "your leaders"; he was to consult with them, deal with them—"and, my friends, if the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers, under the leadership of its tried and true, duly elected officers, is good enough for our great President, it's good enough for you."

Faint, scattered applause. No life in the audience.

Then the speaker embarked upon a long-winded attack on the company unions. Furiously and voluminously, he denounced the "steel barons," the "autocratic Steel and Iron Institute," for not recognizing the virtuous A. A. and for coercing the workers to join company unions. He described all the evils, from the workers' point of view, of company unionism. And at nearly every other sentence the huge audience, now suddenly alive, vehemently applauded. Many of those who clapped probably realized that the speaker was a wind-bag, but passionately agreed with what he said about company unions.

The next speaker was Louis (Shorty) Leonard, secretary-treasurer of the A. A.; a former Socialist Party spell-binder gone "pure-and-simple" conservative; a wind-bag that at once nauseates and amuses one. He "explained" what had happened at the "strike" convention, eulogized William Green, that great, that sterling leader of American labor: blah, blah . . . praised Franklin Roosevelt, the greatest President since Lincoln: blah, blah . . . To all this there was little or no applause. The workers and their women just stood and listened apathetically.

"Shorty" then tore into the subject of company unions and, using very much the same words as the previous speaker, denounced the "autocratic, un-American steel barons," the "ruthless, undemocratic, steel interests," who refused to grant the request of organized labor in their industry for recognition of the union and collective bargaining; who defied the President and Congress of the United States, and, by various methods, forced—"forced, my friends"—their employees to join company unions, thus viciously, purposefully, retarding the normal growth of "legitimate" labor organizations. He kept this up for fifteen minutes or longer: blah, blah . . . repeating himself three or four times; and on the average of once a minute, if not oftener, he was interrupted by loud, spontaneous applause. It was evident that the workers really felt strongly about company unions, and that this feeling, which in the ensuing few days, while going around in the steel regions, I encountered elsewhere, was the result of bitter personal experiences or long, consistent anti-company union propaganda, or both; probably both.

Two days later, "Shorty" Leonard made essentially the same speech at the Hungry Club luncheon in Pittsburgh, attended largely by liberals and radicals of that city; and I was told that he and other A. F. of L. labor skates in the Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Ohio steel regions had been talking to that effect every chance they had had for months—blaming company unions for the A. F. of L. organization's failure to organize labor in a big way, while simultaneously, as I have shown last week, subtly retarding, frustrating unorganized labor in its NRA-inspired urge toward organization.

In brief, the A. F. of L. union skates are utilizing, exploiting the workers' hate for company unions, stirring and intensifying it, focusing their thoughts and feelings on the company-union evil, exaggerating the power of company unionism, in order to keep them blind to the faults and shortcomings of the A. F. of L. organizations. This hate focused on the company unions makes the A. F. of L. group safe and free from criticism on the part of the workers, except the more intelligent ones, of course, who cannot be blinded so easily. Are the A. F. of L. unions weak and ineffective? Yes. But why? Because they have to contend with that awful enemy of organized labor, that great evil, the company unions. Hence, if the A. F. of L. unions are not what they should be, it is not their fault, but the company unions', the bosses', the Steel and Iron Institute's. Also, by talking so furiously against company unions the A. F. of L. leaders make themselves appear friends of labor. Labor, ill-informed and bewildered, fearing and hating company unions, does not repudiate them. It allows itself to be "led" by them. This talking so furiously against company unions keeps labor from looking around for other leaders, from becoming a raw mass for a new movement, probably a radical, revolutionary movement, which, by and by, would displace "pure and simple" A. F. of L.

The Steel and Iron Institute lately released some figures pertaining to company unions. It claimed that over 90 per cent of steel, iron, and tin workers were in company unions or in favor of such organizations. As a matter of fact, the overwhelming majority, probably over 90 per cent, of workers in the steel regions that I visited in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and West Virginia, are fiercely anti-company union. There are company unions in nearly every town, but few workers who have succeeded in overcoming their fear of not belonging to them have joined them.

Until very recently the company unions were compara-

tively unimportant in the workers' consideration. Then the A. F. of L. spellbinders, fellows like "Shorty" Leonard, commenced to harp on them and thus built them up in the workers' minds to an extent that thousands of men joined them because they were afraid that if they did not they would—according to the A. F. of L. union leaders, whom they heard talk—lose their jobs or suffer some other calamity. Thus A. F. of L. fakers acted as organizers of company unions!

Consciously? Deliberately? Intentionally? Yes, in all probability, consciously, deliberately, intentionally. As I suggested in my first article, it certainly is not to the advantage of the old A. F. of L. oligarchy to have their unions become big organizations. How can they keep out the thousands of workers who want to come in? By impressing them with the importance and formidableness of company unionism, by scaring them, and driving them, fear-stricken, into the company unions.

Am I giving the A. F. of L. fakers credit for more brains than they are likely to have? I think not. They are desperate. They are fighting for their existence. And in such a situation even a normally dull or stupid person or group is apt to develop great cunning and a high capacity for evil-doing.

Is it possible that there is, in this matter, conscious, direct cooperation between the Steel and Iron Institute's agents charged with the promotion of the company-union idea and the leaders of the A. F. of L. unions in the steel industry? I, for one, certainly think it conceivable that there is. If there is not, it all works perfectly, anyhow.

Are President Roosevelt, Miss Perkins, General Johnson, Donald Richberg, and the other geniuses in the New Deal aware of this conscious or unconscious, direct or indirect cooperation between the company-union forces and the A. F. of L. fakers? If they are not, their spies in the labor field are not as good as I think they are.

A Leningrad Letter

By HAROLD J. LASKI

Leningrad, June 20

GENERALIZATIONS about Soviet Russia are even more dangerous than those one tends to make about other countries. Its size is so vast, its complexities so intricate, that one can find in any region the material for a mass of contradictory affirmations. In a month's stay I have met Russians who have insisted to me that (a) there is no democracy here and (b) that there is no finer democracy in the world; (c) that there is no such thing as justice in Soviet Russia and (d) that the legal system in Soviet Russia is its supreme achievement. I give only indications of the labyrinth through which one has to thread one's way.

I visited Russia as a professional student of politics, concerned to observe its institutions in operation. Here I propose to set down some of the conclusions at which I have arrived. They are based on innumerable conversations with men and women varying from the unskilled factory worker to the People's Commissar. They suffer, of course, from the fact that many of them have come to me (though by no means all) through the distorted medium of translation,

though I add that the linguistic ability of the translator with whom I was provided was, to judge by her capacity to make eager argument intelligible to both sides, quite admirable. I found no disposition to conceal the meaning or extent of ugliness which no visitor could fail to notice; and I rarely discovered anything which could be called deliberate evasion.

Judged by the ordinary standards of Great Britain or the United States the standard of living is low. The people on the streets are shabby, and the furniture in most of the houses I saw was poor. Overcrowding in Moscow and Leningrad is great, and a large part of the people there still live in slum conditions. Outside the Torgsin shops, the supply of consumers' goods is still pitifully small; and the proportion of the population which has access to Torgsin is, of course, fractional. I doubt whether an unemployed English worker on the dole has a standard of life as low as the lower-paid categories of Russian workmen in full employment.

On the other hand, I was assured not only by Russians themselves, but by newspapermen who had lived in Russia

for many years, that conditions are definitely better than at any time since 1917. No one can doubt the intensity of the effort towards improvement. The new housing; the social-insurance system; the educational opportunities for the masses; the very real power of the trade unions to protect the interests of the workers; all of these are admirably conceived, pretty efficiently administered, and satisfactory evidence of the vital fact that the material and spiritual welfare of the masses is the primary and permeating objective of Soviet planning.

The result is one fact which it is not, I think, open to any serious observer to deny. Russia is a land of hope. The masses have no doubt that the sacrifices of today will be justified by the achievements of tomorrow. The mental climate is one of intense exhilaration, of a buoyant and optimistic faith I have never before encountered. The belief in the "manifest destiny" of Russia, the conviction that it is succeeding in its experiment, is obviously both widespread and profound. That this makes the adventure worthwhile at least for all who have come to maturity since the revolution is, so far as my necessarily limited observation goes, quite unquestionable.

The revolution has brought to the common man opportunities he has never before possessed in history. This is particularly true, of course, in the industrial field; but it is not confined to that area. Ability is certain to find its opportunity of expression, granted only, of course, that it is not hostile therein to the purposes of the dictatorship. Factory managers, engineers, administrators, judges, soldiers, are only instances of men with whom I talked (by no means all of them members of the Communist Party) who were, before the revolution, simple working men with no prospect save that of remaining so until the end of their lives. The revolution has discovered a reservoir of unknown talent (as does every revolution) in the working-class which is immensely impressive; and it differs from all previous revolutions in that, even after seventeen years, it is still able to harness the ability it discovers to the service of its objective. In some ways, I regard this as the most impressive aspect of Soviet Russia.

The fact of dictatorship is real and omnipresent. It is ruthless and relentless in suppressing all opinion the purpose of which it conceives to be hostile to its fundamental objectives. On the other hand, it must be admitted that there is a reality, though of a special kind, in Soviet democracy, which is undeniable. Factory democracy is real; the worker is consulted, both individually and through his trade union, at every phase of his work. He is not only consulted; he can be certain that his criticism, especially in matters of technique, will reach and influence the effective sources of power. In the political field, the number of workers who, in the local soviets, play an effective part in administration, is greater than in any other country. They do not control fundamental policy; that is the exclusive appanage of the Communist Party. But their views count with the party and influence it greatly in shaping its policy. The soviets are really less governing organs than organs of consultation and administration; but in those realms they unquestionably are a real factor in the making of the party line. The men who control the party realize that they cannot govern successfully save as they keep non-Communist opinion largely in step with their direction. Outside the political field, there is a real

and impressive democracy in the administration of justice. The People's Courts are a discovery of quite seminal importance in the history of legal procedure. In small cases they realize in a striking degree the ideal of justice without law. They prove, to me at least, that legal administration in capitalist countries suffers greatly from the excessive domination of professional technique. And in this realm the work of the courts has the exceptional value of training some half-million men and women in the business of government. On this side, also, the Russian experiment represents something new.

Of justice in the political field I cannot speak with any confidence. Discussion with some of the highest officials concerned convinced me that its underlying principle is that of *raison d'état*, and it is obvious that the dangers of prejudice and error arising from the application of this principle are immense. Certain laws in this realm also seem to me as incapable of objective justification as statutes like the Incitement of Disaffection Act in England, or the various criminal-syndicalist laws in the United States. I am confident that if I lived in Russia I should court difficulty from my sense of the need to found a Council of Civil Liberties.

Of the administration of justice certain other things are striking. It is generally simple, efficient, and straightforward. Real pains are taken not merely to educate the judges after appointment, but to organize effective criticism of their work. In Moscow, for instance, judges of the higher tribunals make a monthly report on their work. They seek, in conjunction with their colleagues, with the Ministry of Justice, and with the various academic institutes of law, to make the effective incidence of their work at least as much preventive as purely judicial. Once the thesis is accepted (and it is widely accepted) that the economic environment is the main factor in crime, the degree to which the judge who is, in Coke's phrase, "given over to criticism," may feel the kind of sense of social responsibility implicit, to take the best example, in the work of Mr. Justice Brandeis, is remarkable. This is an aspect of judicial work in Russia which clamors for careful inquiry by a competent investigator from Harvard or Yale. We have much to learn from its operation.

The Comrades' Courts, which exist in the big houses, factories, workshops, farms, are also valuable and educative institutions. They have no penal authority. But they do excellent work in ameliorating those normal relations of social intercourse which too often, elsewhere, bring in the law where it has no real place. Essentially they are an institution for improving human relationships by reasoned, popular discussion. The population concerned elects its tribunal of three, but anyone may attend and participate in the examination of the difficulty. It may be a worker who is slacking, a house-tenant who continually quarrels, or what not; whatever the incident involved, the admirable common sense with which these courts conduct their work shows how much more we could do than we have done to organize the ordinary social impulses for creative purposes.

So much has been written on prison administration in Russia that I need not comment upon it more than to say that it amply deserves all the eulogies that have been heaped upon it. Experiments like that of Bolshevo are literally triumphs of the power to reclaim human nature from the results of evil surroundings; and the ordinary prisons prove that a socialist environment has a capacity for regeneration of which it is impossible to overestimate the significance.

I add, of course, that I have seen nothing of the treatment of political prisoners or of a liquidated class like the kulaks. Definite instances given to me, and certain general accounts, suggested that this is a very ugly aspect of the picture in which Soviet Russia has little to learn from either Hitlerite Germany or the Balkan dictatorships.

The most fascinating institution in Soviet Russia is the Communist Party. Seven years ago, when I wrote a book on communism, I compared its position in Russia to that of the Society of Jesus in the Roman Catholic Church. After innumerable discussions with its Russian members, I think the analogy is justified. As a party, it has many and outstanding virtues. Courage, loyalty, the will to self-sacrifice, endless devotion, immense energy, these it has in abundance. It is relentless, dogmatic, intolerant, too incapable of skepticism, permeated with an emotional attachment to its principles which makes it dangerously over-confident in its prognostications, especially in the international field. Its discipline is so rigid that, despite its technique of self-criticism, I suspect it of failing to utilize the full ability at its disposal by its emphasis on intellectual obedience as a primary virtue. It is too full of suspicion of its opponents' motives; and it counts its end so vital that it becomes a little easily convinced that it can afford to be indifferent to the means (and the cost) by which that end is attained. It is much more dominated by its leaders than is good for any party; I was often presented with a text from Stalin, not as a thesis to be discussed, but as an argument that ended the matter. It is too much devoted to the search for deviations from the party "line"; and since the party "line" is amazingly in the hands of the central party executive this tends to give its decisions a mechanical character which is good neither for the leaders nor for the rank and file. Nevertheless, the party is extraordinarily impressive. I wish my own party could command the same fervent and selfless devotion from its members.

The Russian intellectuals apart, it is curious to note how little interest in foreign countries exists, and how profound is the ignorance of their habits and traditions. Again and again, after questioning some high official for several hours, I would suggest that he would perhaps like to ask me some questions in his turn. Only once did he do so. And when an economist of some distinction could take the view that the purpose of the 1934 Unemployment Act in Great Britain was to put the unemployed into concentration camps

—she even suggested that the true analogy of the clauses of the statute was with the Hitlerite camps in Germany—I felt that it was difficult to bridge the gap between us. A high legal official sought to persuade me that the independence of the English judiciary was simply a trick intended to deceive the workers into a failure to realize the class character of the courts; when I sought to explain its historical causes, he obviously regarded my view as baseless. A distinguished academician urged on me the necessity of arming the British working-class for the coming struggle. I tried to make him see the difficulties in the way of buying and storing machine guns and other munitions of war in an efficiently administered state. His answer was that a party which really willed socialism would find a way. Shrewd as were many of the observations on points of detail, I was unable to avoid the impression that the communist approach makes even men of first-rate ability lose most of their perspective in judging the situation abroad.

It was the background of this atmosphere which makes me convinced that Russian communism is as genuine a religion as any in the experience of man. Lenin and Stalin are the objects of a worship the emotional intensity of which can only be understood by a student of religious history. The democratic centralism of the Communist Party is like nothing so much as the ability of the Roman Catholic to think freely up to the point where the church pronounces its considered judgment; and a failure to accept that judgment is followed by as real an excommunication as ever Rome imposed. Not only that; the contrition humbly expressed by men like Zinoviev, Radek, Kamenev for their "deviations" is curiously akin to the penance which Rome exacts from the sinner who returns to the fold. I have used the analogy of the Society of Jesus. Perhaps even more just, from another angle, is that of Cromwell's Ironsides, with the emphasis that it was the depth of their religious conviction which made of them such splendid soldiers. So also with the Communist Party. It is the absence of any desire to reexamine first principles that gives it the immense driving power it possesses. Men who can await the future with complete certainty as to its character can go forward with a confidence denied to men who see only as through a glass darkly.

[This is the first of two articles by Harold Laski, who has just returned to England from Soviet Russia. The second will appear in an early issue.]

What Is Belief?

By I. A. RICHARDS

MY difficulty with beliefs is the simple-seeming one that I do not know what they are. But it is possible to play so many conjuring tricks with the word "know" that I had better explain, if I can, just in what sense I do not know what a belief is before discussing the consequences of this particular kind of ignorance or skepticism. Incidentally, the sorting and caging operations needed to keep the word "know" from betraying us in this discussion are so much the same as those needed for "believe" that they will help us later. Moreover, these possibilities of analyzing and separating different senses of such key-words

as "know," "believe," "truth," "love," and "self" supply, for me, both the grounds of a very wide skepticism and the hope of turning the skepticism into a constructive movement. Skepticism is so often associated with despair that it is worth while to insist at the beginning of a skeptical article upon its hopeful possibilities.

I invite the reader to consider the remark, "I do not know what a belief is," in a spirit of neutral curiosity. I invite him to set aside the combative tradition in which such remarks are usually discussed, and to look before he leaps to any conclusion as to what it *must* mean—to look rather lin-

geringly for what it *may* mean, and to consider the very important differences between these possible meanings. I want to suggest at the same time that there is hardly any remark of general interest which we can make that does not need to be examined in this way before we can use it—except for crude polemical purposes.

First, there is the sense in which to know what a belief is would be to know its ultimate nature. In this sense, evidently, we do not, any of us, know what *anything* is. So this is not the kind of ignorance which is troublesome with beliefs. In fact, this seems a singularly supportable kind of ignorance that troubles none but metaphysicians.

Next is the sense in which not to know what a belief is, is simply to lack some piece of available information. This kind of ignorance, again, is not, I think, the kind which is troublesome here. For this kind of ignorance is easily removed. If a Tibetan, for example, does not know what an oyster is, we can send for one and explain it to him and for all necessary purposes he will then know what an oyster is.

Close to this, is a sense which may concern us here. A man may not know what a belief is through the lack of a necessary kind of experience. The blind man who does not know what a color is has often been cited in this connection. But with the blind man we can easily decide that he is blind without using his ignorance of colors as evidence of his blindness, and moreover we know so much about vision and about colors that we can understand his ignorance and explain it once we know he is blind. (And the same applies to color-blindness.) So the parallel is weak. No one can suggest why it is that certain people, belonging to a cultural tradition which has had much to do with beliefs, people in all other respects normal, as far as we can tell, and enjoying the full range of normal experience, should show this ignorance. No one can explain why they should lack the necessary experience, or, here is the main point, just what experience it is which is necessary and lacking. It remains, however, possible that, if we knew much more psychology than we do, we might be able to give some explanation of this kind and so straighten out the parallel with blindness. Later on I shall sketch some conjectures of this sort. So for the moment we may leave this case of the man who does not know what a belief is because he has never had any.

More to our purpose is the man who does not know what a belief is because he does not know which, among the mental states which he does enjoy, are beliefs and which are not. This may be thought to be the same case as number two above. The man needs a little teaching, we may say. He should consult a dictionary or get a better-informed friend to instruct him. But if he replies that he has done this conscientiously and that the information which has been given him is insufficient to enable him to decide what a belief is, we shall, with our next step in trying to understand his trouble, come nearer to our main problem.

There seem two plausible interpretations (not incompatible) of this skeptical state. He may be in the same case as a man who does not know what an *afanc* is. Consulting the dictionary he discovers that an *afanc* is a fabulous Welsh beast—and, of course, he does thereby get to know, in a sense, what it is. But he is entitled to say that, for his purposes, he still does not know what it is. The description "a fabulous Welsh beast" is too indefinite for him to be able to decide whether, for example, he has ever seen an *afanc*,

or whether there are or have ever been any *afancs*. The authorities, he notes, are divided as to whether an *afanc* was a beaver, a crocodile, or a dragon. In brief, the dictionary definition is adequate for the purposes of Welsh folklore, but not for zoology. Similarly, the man who does not know what a belief is may say that such definitions as he can obtain may be adequate for logic or theology but not adequate for psychology or for his personal problem of deciding whether he himself has ever had any beliefs or not.

This brings us to the second interpretation of his difficulty. The definitions available may work fairly well as parts of the systems of abstract psychology to which they belong. But they may still be held to be inapplicable to our actual mental states—insufficient to allow us to identify one of our own or our neighbor's mental states as a belief, and reject another. Add to this the large number of psychological theories that are current—all using the word belief but in quite different ways—the queer mixtures of these theories that most people have compounded, and the extreme *vagueness* that is prevalent in these matters. We shall then have the outline of the excuse a man may offer who says that he does not know what a belief is, and that, when other people say they believe something, he does not know sufficiently what they are doing to be able to agree with them or dissent.

But, someone will say, it is easy to point to beliefs that all men share, and whatever the exact account of them may be, all men can easily identify these beliefs in themselves and so unambiguously settle what a belief is. I agree that there are an infinitude of certainties that all men share—all the certainties that belong to that routine of expectation on which our life depends. But I should argue that these certainties differ in a number of all-important respects from any beliefs that are ever subjects of interesting discussion. These certainties of expectation, for one thing, are being ceaselessly verified in our lives, verified in an exact sense which leaves no room for discussion about it. By an artificial extension of the technique of prediction and verification we get science, which, so long as it remains science, also gives no scope for dispute. Where it turns into speculation—not yet ripe for verification—there is, of course, plenty of room for discussion, just the same kinds of discussion with the same kind of ambiguities that play about the other beliefs that I am contrasting here with certainties. But these certainties, which we can identify in ourselves, are not discussable (as opposed to conjectures about them) just because they are so certain, so universal, and so unambiguous. For example, my certainty that if I dive off the summit of the Matterhorn I shall soon be in pieces. If this is called a "belief" it is, along with all similar "beliefs," quite uninteresting. I could make a list of such "beliefs" that would run to a million words and nobody would find a word to say against one of them. The only "beliefs" that would provoke discussion (let us give them a capital B to mark them off) are Beliefs that a majority of the world's inhabitants would, if they could understand them, dissent from. The only exceptions to this last might be, perhaps, a number of Beliefs of a character too vague to be susceptible of examination.

This odd state of affairs (odd when we consider the confidence with which Beliefs are discussed) is partly due to the provincialism of human traditions hitherto. As comparative studies extend (they are only embryonic at present) we shall recognize that Beliefs are products of tradition and cir-

cumstances to a degree which we cannot as yet reconcile ourselves to admitting. We may also become more ready to inquire persistently into the question, "What is Belief?" As we know, the best minds (in these matters) have given the best part of their best energies to the questions, "What should we Believe?" and "Why (on what grounds) should we Believe?" I cannot find that any comparable attention has been given to the question, "What is Belief?" ("What are we doing when we Believe?") It is at least arguable that this is logically the prior question; that it must be answered to some degree before the other questions can be profitably taken up.

Any definite answer to it will seem a long way off to a critical psychologist, but a surmise as to the general form of the answer may be worth venturing. The basis for such a surmise lies in analogies with questions about other items in popular or traditional psychology; Love, for example, or Knowledge. Each of these much-argued items can be admitted (more easily than Belief) to be an *omnium gatherum* including many very different kinds of things. If we consider the way in which we learn to use these words and to think with their aid about what we mean by them we shall see no reason why this should not be so, and fairly good reasons for thinking that it is so. And the same reasons hold for Belief. The psychologist, in fact, when he is sticking to his business, has no use for the term Belief except as marking a collection of materials for analysis. The analysis cannot yet be carried very far, only far enough to suggest that under this heading, Belief, both in popular and in sophisticated use, are to be found an extremely heterogeneous set of mental states, processes, and conditions. So diverse indeed that it may well be doubted if there is one among them which deserves the name—one, that is, which its possessor may name Belief with a decent likelihood that other people will really more than vaguely understand him.

Such an extreme surmisal may be unduly skeptical; but the arguments for the view that Believing covers a variety of very unlike mental events can be made, I think, as sound as any argument in psychology. Sound enough to put the burden of proof—that there is some one definite, recognizable mental act, specific in its nature and frequent in occurrence, which is to be called Believing—on to anyone who maintains it. A general consensus of opinion that there is such an act will clearly not do as a proof, for, as we have seen, the question is, "What are we being unanimous about?"

So much for my initial simple-seeming difficulty that prevents me from having any confidence that I know what a Belief is. It also prevents me from any steps which might encourage any Beliefs I might happen to have—that is to say, any attitudes and so forth that I treat (or that treat me) otherwise than as the hopes, fears, desires, devotions, renunciations, aspirations—that I do not call Beliefs. In what follows I shall mean by Beliefs just such feelings, attitudes, settings of the will, concentrations of attention, and so on, but given a kind of secondary sanction by being called Beliefs, being confused through the prime ambiguity of this word with truth-assertions, and being thus afforded marked privileges in the parliament of their fellow-sentiments. And, when I say that I am, so far as I know, without Beliefs, I do not mean that I am devoid of these sentiments, but that in me they are without this special secondary sanction. I fancy that this situation I find myself in is shared by a good number

of my generation—those, at least, upon whom a speculative interest in psychology has taken effect. Even some who are nominally Believers in creeds are not, I imagine, in a very dissimilar position. The difference would be that whereas they are wishing to Believe, I am not. This difference may be worth exploring.

It has often been alleged that without some Beliefs life would be intolerable or worthless—that Beliefs of one kind or another are an unescapable need of human nature.

If the Sun and Moon should Doubt
They'd immediately go out!

I would reply that certainties (of the kind instanced above) are, of course, necessary. But these certainties are of the same kind in mice and men, only more numerous and elaborate for man as his life becomes more artificial in its conditions. But the necessity of Beliefs either for mouse or man is another matter. I should be inclined to admit that for some types of mind (which are the result of a special training and tradition) life may be more difficult, and especially more difficult to live finely, without Beliefs. But against the view that this need goes deeper than can be explained by an acquired mental habit I would point to the Chinese, among whom what are recognized as their finest types of humanity have for centuries avoided Beliefs more studiously than their fellows. "Ah! But they were avoiding bad Beliefs!" someone will say. I agree, but I want for the moment only to damage the opinion that Beliefs of *some kind no matter what* are a necessity for the mind.

"What an inexplicable frame of mind is belief!" said Darwin. It is perhaps rather less inexplicable now than in his day: sixty years of psychology have done a little toward clearing up the tangle. For it is in the image of a tangle—the threads of our different interests, needs, sentiments, rubbing against, hitching upon, twining round one another—that we can most easily picture the problem. We will assume, here, that metaphors are not psychology. But in terms of this metaphor, a Belief may be imagined as a point where a thread of interest (an imagining, a feeling, a desiring) has caught improperly upon other threads, so that in the incessant running of the threads it is given checks and pulls which do not properly belong to it, and would not occur to it if the mind's economy were in perfect order. For example: a feeling, let us say, that a story creates in us would be altered in various ways if the story were actually true. But our proper interest in whether the story is true or not may and usually does belong to quite another system from the interests that give the story its feeling. If these interests catch in one another, we can be easily convinced that the story gets its value from its truth, or conversely that it must be true because we feel as we do about it. Add to this our amazing virtuosity in conjuring with the various senses of truth, and we have the typical conditions for a set of Beliefs about the story.

This is an over-simplified example, of course. The "catching" of independent interests in one another evidently cannot be demonstrated. It is merely a plausible sort of hypothesis to account for observations we all constantly make about each other's Beliefs. But the main point I want to make with its aid is that the value of the story may be and often is quite free from any implications with its truth standing. It may get a little adventitious force from being taken

as true, but this extra force may very well not be an improvement in its value; in any case taking it for true exposes it to risks. As Matthew Arnold said, "we have attached our emotion to the fact and now the fact is failing it." If the fact fails it the emotion is, quite unfairly of course, apt to be damaged.

To take a different kind of example. A man setting forth a plan—say the Five-Year Plan—is very likely to get his admiration for the plan implicated in his opinion as to whether it will be realized in fact. He comes to Believe in the Plan. I should argue, and those who do not Believe in the Plan will probably agree with me, that success is more likely if his inspiration from the plan and his judgment of practical possibilities do not get intertwined, and he does not Believe that it *must* come true.

These instances are too easily seen through by the non-Believer. They have to be to serve my purposes here. In cases of more interesting beliefs the intricacies of the tangle are likely to be beyond all tracing. I want only to suggest that the same kind of "catching" or snarling of lines of interest which would work just as well or better in freedom from one another may be suspected in all Beliefs. And the more adequately we can imagine the natural complexities of the mind and therefore the opportunities for snarling, the stronger our suspicion will grow. Psychoanalysis has helped us immensely here.

I suggest, then, that there may be reasonable ground for not wishing to Believe anything. Those who say, "I am convinced," and think this should recommend their views may be a little naïve. And in making this suggestion I am not overlooking the immense value of Beliefs to certain types of minds. The ages of faith may have supplied invaluable ingredients to human nature. I think it very likely that we should be today infinitely the poorer without them. I wish only to discourage the assumption that the type of mind which needs Belief is necessarily the finer. Often it seems to be, and if this were usually so, at present, there would be nothing to surprise us. For our tradition encourages such minds and serves them with all its treasures.

But I began by remarking upon the hopeful possibilities of skepticism. The kind of questioning which, for me, dissolves the traditional landmark, Belief, into a cluster of undeveloped problems can be applied to almost all our mental landmarks. Truth, Knowledge, Beauty, the Will, the Good, the Self—with all their satellite terms—fade out. Under a persistent analysis they appear as merely fictions—devised to suit changing needs and owing their seeming solidity to their systematic interlocking ambiguity. A moment comes when any persistent inquirer will be forced to echo Trumbull Stickney:

Sir, say no more;
Within me 'tis as if
The green and climbing eyesight of a cat
Crawls near my mind's poor birds.

But, looking back, the picture that human history presents is not one which needs no mending. Our mind's poor birds have not served us so well that we must fear to disturb them. And in any case they are being disturbed whether we like it or not. The hope of skepticism is that it may uncover behind these fictions more of the actual forces by which we live. Then, with a more conscious control, we may better order our lives.

In the Driftway

ETIQUETTE is a strong seed, sown in the minds of young children of all classes, nourished by both habit and expedience, and flowering in conduct which to the neutral observer frequently seems irrational. It is possible, of course, that this codified irrationality of etiquette is a necessary defense, a blindness erected against the otherwise intolerable irrationality of our modern way of living which we call civilized. There is an etiquette of war, an etiquette of peace, an etiquette of the bread-line, an etiquette of commerce. For example, the Drifter is periodically afflicted by the etiquette-bound irrationality of his haberdasher. The affliction is mutual. Confident in his superior knowledge of what is the right thing, the haberdasher prescribes with haughty authority the hat, or shirt, or tie the Drifter is supposed to wear that season. The Drifter demurs mildly, because he has the heretical notion that last season's hat was more becoming, and feels, moreover, that since he is paying for the hat, he should be permitted to indulge his silly preferences. The haberdasher is shocked, no less. He freezes. He intimates that the Drifter's money is counterfeit; that he is outside the pale not merely of commerce, but of our common humanity, and that the sooner this unfortunate episode is ended the better. On at least one occasion of this sort, the Drifter became violent. He exploded, liked the Terrible Mr. Bang, and marched out of the shop in search of another haberdasher; only to return an hour later and accept meekly what the haberdasher ordered. The haberdasher was right, of course. What would happen to business, to society, to the very foundations of our civilization if anarchic creatures like the Drifter were permitted to have what they wanted?

* * * * *

DOUBTLESS by way of compensation for such humiliations, the Drifter cherishes those rare eccentricities of behavior that he has encountered and occasionally tried to emulate. There was the West Indian elevator boy in a down-town skyscraper who by some miracle of art imposed a kind of African rhythm upon the vertical traffic which he supervised. The hum of the motor, the bang of the door, the start, the stop were all woven into this rhythm. "Going up, going up, going up," he chanted. "Come on, folks, anybody got a song?" Then there was the friend who interrupted a stroll along the old Barbary Coast of San Francisco by dropping on hands and knees, crawling beneath the swinging door of a honky-tonk, and barking. This done, he calmly resumed his stroll, remarking merely, "They seemed very much surprised." With modest pride, the Drifter concludes by recording a minor exploit of his own. When Roxy's Theater in New York opened some years ago the Drifter, with many thousands of his fellows, hastened to marvel at this magnificence, surpassing the grandeur that was Rome. Attended by a super-selected usher he moved from wonder to wonder, with appropriate exclamations of awe. Then, pausing beside a huge Corinthian column, he remarked, "Usher, this pillar is hollow." "Yes, sir, very good, sir," replied that brilliant apprentice showman. "We'll have it filled for you tomorrow."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Reopening the Controversy

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Messrs. Houston and Ransom seem to me in error at certain points in their reply to our article in the July 4 *Nation*. The facts as stated were agreed to by Mr. Houston in our conference. As we did not have the same opportunity to reach an agreement on the facts in Mr. Houston's reply, I am asking that you change your ruling about closing the controversy and allow me to state them as they seem to us.

It is true that Helen Boardman did not make a complete investigation in Virginia, but this does not tell the whole story. She was recalled before she had finished by a telegram from Walter White and never given a chance to return. She did not talk with any of the Virginia Negroes who are alleged to have seen Crawford there. She did arrange to have these people seen, however, by a colored woman from Washington; the latter for some reason never did this and the N. A. A. C. P. allowed the matter to rest there, until October.

The statement that the Boston alibi placed Crawford in Boston continuously from September to January 13 is too sweeping. Crawford himself in the alleged confession to Gallaher claimed to have gone to Philadelphia twice on a truck. There was also a break in time which was not completely covered by the testimony of alibi witnesses. Deacon Bailey, for instance, who positively placed Crawford in Boston early in January said there had been a period in the last part of December when he had not seen him at all. This might mean that Crawford did go to Virginia and return before the murder and that both the alibi witnesses and those who claimed to see him in Virginia in December were telling the truth even if Crawford was not.

Messrs. Houston and Ransom say, "It has been suggested that these witnesses were under duress" and also "that they certainly did not appear to be under duress." What about Bertie de Neal? She had to our knowledge been arrested and held as a material witness for varying periods not less than three times. Does anyone suppose that she would have given information likely to send her lover to the chair of her own free will? Mr. Houston, moreover, admitted at one of our conferences that she was in fact in custody when he interviewed her, but he assured us that this did not really constitute duress. He had not seen her in jail but in the sheriff's kitchen where she was acting as the sheriff's cook.

On this point of duress they speak also of a colored boy who talked with counsel and who had previously "refused to divulge information to the prosecution." But I cannot understand why, if the idea was, as they state, to find out what the prosecution's case was, they spent time on a witness who had "refused to divulge this information to the prosecution." This witness, Lester Hill, did later give testimony against Crawford at the trial. Also, apart from actual duress in individual cases, the general atmosphere and the terrorization of the colored people must be considered. As Messrs. Houston and Ransom state, they were still "so apprehensive" even at the time of the trial that counsel could not find lodging in Leesburg and had to commute from Washington throughout the trial. Is it likely that people in such a jittery state would go out of their way to withhold evidence against Crawford or to give evidence they might have that was favorable to him?

Messrs. Houston and Ransom labor under a misunderstanding about the real basis of our criticism. It was not that counsel left the investigation of the alibi to the last, but that they never made any real investigation—at least not with any thoroughness—and then stated in print that the alibi witnesses had been

seen and could not substantiate the stories they had told at the extradition hearing. Our criticism on this point is not merely a formal one. We felt that the defense actually did not know anything about the alibi and were in no position to speak about it. They speak of nineteen witnesses who placed Crawford in Virginia, but five of these witnesses had criminal records. The quality of the witnesses in Boston was decidedly higher than this. Perhaps if a thorough investigation had been made the alibi testimony would also have stood up quantitatively, as well, against the Virginia testimony.

Messrs. Ransom and Houston say that Crawford did not want to appeal. On all the evidence I have seen this seems to me doubtful. At least it seems to me doubtful without duress or inducement or some misunderstanding of the consequences. It is a matter of record that Mr. Houston wrote to the prosecutor on December 17, immediately after the first verdict, stating that he and the N. A. A. C. P. were anxious to wind up the matter and offering to plead Crawford guilty to the Buckner indictment in return for a second life sentence. On the following January 5, Crawford wrote from jail to one of the Boston witnesses that he was "an innocent man and Mr. Houston, one of my lawyers, say he is going to get me out in two years." He also early in February gave the interview which he later repudiated saying he was not satisfied with his trial. Messrs. Ransom and Houston say that "as Crawford's counsel they took their orders from Crawford." It does not seem to me that the language used by Mr. Houston at the time of the Buckner indictment was that of a man "taking orders from Crawford."

Helen Boardman is in the West and unable at the moment to voice her criticisms, but I believe that this statement also substantially represents what she would feel about the reply to our article.

Northampton, Mass., July 1

MARTHA GRUENING

Contributors to This Issue

MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD is a California newspaper-woman.

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MARK VAN DOREN is well known as critic, editor, and poet.

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Books

Sonnets

By MARK VAN DOREN

I

Should this end now it were the end of light,
That would no longer reach an earth receded;
And the grey death of odor; and a blight
On taste and touch, with every sound unheeded.
I could no longer count the falling days,
Nor weigh an ounce of sorrow out to pain;
It were the end of knowledge when the ways
Of feeling are as reason to the brain.
Should it end suddenly—but I am wrong.
Nothing so invisible can shatter.
Our love is not an object, like the long
Cold hand of time, that is the purest matter.
But that is something different, and slow,
And closes gradually, as the senses go.

II

Let it be always secret what we say;
And where we meet, be that our world alone.
Nor think us ever guilty, since our day
Is one on which no shadow-bands have shown.
Shame is a shadow that will never fall
On us who have cut down the trees of pride.
Let the world darken past the garden wall;
The space within is conscienceless and wide.
Nor think us ever weary, or in need
Of company to bring the night at last.
Love is a lonely and contented deed,
Done in a desert that is sweet and vast;
Where neither of us turns a happy head
To see the world behind us that is dead.

III

As the blue fringes of this flower desire
Comparison; yet even this old glass,
Wherein some workman hid the sky afire,
Is not the same; and so the mind must pass,
And look along the world, and never come
To the pure hue repeated—thus I range
Through the live chronicles that tell the sum
Of love's known history; and each is strange.
No love is like our love beyond the start;
Two look upon each other, then we lose them.
They whisper to each other, but apart,
In a wild shade, and we can never use them—
Likening ourselves to nothing more
Than two late comers as the long day wore.

IV

When I came back to your unlifted eyes,
And spoke to you, inquiring how we did,
And you looked up without the least surmise—
Then the old music, that so long was hid,
Sounded; and I knew it was to pour
Forever while we lived, with no abating.

The unskilled players were unskilled no more,
And every string had sweetened by its waiting.
There will be nothing now but one clear tone,
Of which we shall not tire; and when it pauses
We shall exist upon love's faith alone,
That knows all silence to its deepest causes;
And comprehends the ever devious ways
I still must follow as I sing your praise.

Revolution and Reaction

The Method of Freedom. By Walter Lippmann. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

The Coming American Revolution. By George Soule. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

UNQUESTIONABLY, more books like these two will be written, for, as Mr. Soule himself has observed, in a revolutionary climate the voice of the intellectual is increasingly heard; but it is to be doubted whether we shall see for some time a more courageous and forthright presentation of the role of revolution in modern society than Mr. Soule's book or a more subtle and disingenuous defense of reaction than Mr. Lippmann's. These two books are vastly different in another way. One has the conviction that Mr. Soule, having set his feet firmly on the true road of progress, will travel it to whatever ultimate goal it may lead; Mr. Lippmann, on the other hand, has already arrived—safely in the camp of toryism. In this present case, Mr. Lippmann, quoting from Montesquieu, Hume, Sainte-Beuve, Burke, Spengler, Machiavelli, Salter, Mill, Bayle, F. S. Oliver, Macaulay, and Aristotle, finds new reasons for convincing himself that capitalism will endure forever. It is all urbanely argued and only occasionally does the author of "The Method of Freedom" descend to low tactics, as when he refers to both fascism and communism as "absolute collectivism" and when he calls a planned economy "an economy of scarcity." Mr. Lippmann is never hysterical but who knows? Like the Edmund Burke he is so fond of citing he may yet write a twentieth-century "Reflections on the French Revolution."

Mr. Soule's book is in an entirely different category; and there can be no question of the significance of "The Coming American Revolution." It is important not only because it indicates Mr. Soule's loss of faith in planning under capitalism—it will be recalled that a brief two years ago he was the author of a book called "A Planned Society"—but because he has arrived at his present place almost completely without the assistance of dogma. The result is a book that can be read and understood by every American. If, in the course of this review, certain questions are raised, this is not done in any spirit of captiousness: the problems touched upon in "The Coming American Revolution" are so many and so perplexing that only in the freest atmosphere of debate will it be possible for all persons who agree with Mr. Soule's premises to work out an American philosophy of history as well as an American program of action. I agree with Mr. Soule fully in this: that in America the time has not yet arrived for the iron-bound discipline which a revolutionary movement, to be successful, requires. Until that time comes it is imperative that all thoughtful persons pool their wisdom and experiences so that by the correction of each other's errors and the filling in of each other's lacunae they may arrive at theoretical and practical positions which are fully applicable to the American scene.

Mr. Soule has entitled his book as he does because he is convinced that the American revolution—the elimination of capi-

talism and its succession by socialism—is now in process. His study of previous revolutions in modern times (this constitutes the first part of his book) has indicated to him that social upheavals have followed fairly fixed patterns: first, in a society, there take place basic changes in the methods of production—"changes often brought by new mechanical or economic techniques"; there follows a new alignment of classes and "sharper class divisions arise"; the society is then compelled to resort to oppression to keep all classes other than the ruling one in subjection; conflict (not necessarily open) inevitably springs up, the downtrodden grow in numbers and strength, and when deterioration sets in and all normal functioning is about to cease the new class takes over power. The main purposes of the revolution, indeed, have already been gained during the long period which precedes actual class hostilities; and these break out only as counter-revolutionary forms when the once powerful former rulers resist complete submergence. This was the course of events in the English, American, French, and Russian revolutions. In the fourth and last part of his book Mr. Soule sees us now in the midst of a new revolutionary upsurge, for not only has the governing class, the capitalists, lost faith in itself and declined in prestige but the class destined to overthrow it, the proletariat, is steadily gaining in power.

This is neatly put and in the main Mr. Soule's argument is a sound one; but there are a number of weak links in the chain. Are "basic changes in the ways of conducting affairs" absolutely essential as the initial step in revolution? Undoubtedly, changes in mechanical methods of production ushered in the commercial revolution (merchant capitalism) and began the downfall of feudalism, but what would be those basic changes that would bridge the gap from capitalism to socialism? Is it not more correct to place the whole emphasis on class oppression? A society, in its progressive stages, is one of very great vigor, and opportunities for advance are many and bewildering; with age, however, institutionalization sets in, the horizons for individual aggrandizement contract, and the ruling class can maintain itself in power only on the backs of the other groups in society. The first sign of deterioration, and therefore of coming revolution, is the general awareness of class oppression. Capitalism in America will begin to totter on its throne not as a result of new basic changes in the methods of production but when the masses grow conscious of the existence of underlying class cleavages and antagonisms.

This contention of Mr. Soule's is not so important as his belief that the rising class slowly gains in strength and attains almost all its objectives before the coup d'état. Again, in a very real sense, this was true of the bourgeoisie before it seized power in England, America, and France: for the bourgeoisie succeeded in mastering its social environment through control over the means of production (class oppression set in when the feudal state sought to hamper the bourgeoisie's activities by monopoly, restrictions in trading, excessive taxation, and the like); also, by marriage and in other ways (in England particularly) the thin line between feudal lords and merchants began to crumble away. But can it justly be said that any gains the proletariat may make—through organization for collective bargaining, social insurance, and advances in the social services—in the light of the experiences of the workers in fascist Italy, Germany, and Austria, are likely to be aught but temporary? Only a strange confidence in the reasonableness of the capitalist state could prompt Mr. Soule to declare, as he heralds the coming American revolution, that: "The upward climb of the workers has begun, though it is far from completion." Organization and struggle must precede the proletarian revolution in a diversity and intensity of ways unknown to the revolutionists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

The second part of his book Mr. Soule devotes to an exposition of the social and economic evidences of capitalism's decline;

and here he hastily summarizes the operations of some seven major factors as well as a large number of minor ones. Among the more important of these are advances in technology, shifts in occupational groupings, changes in business ownership, the rigidity of debt, the decline in foreign trade, etc., etc. All this, of course, is true but the reader fails to gain an overpowering sense of the contradictions that are at the heart of the capitalist system. Mr. Soule could have proved his case without the slightest difficulty if he had grouped his arguments about the three most significant reasons for impending collapse, that is to say: The shift of control from industrial capitalism to finance capitalism (with the emphasis therefore no longer on legitimate economic expansion but on the exploitation of investors and the wrecking of properties); the growing spread between capacity to produce and capacity to consume; and the inability of imperialism any more—without deadly international warfare—to provide all the needed outlets for surplus capital.

Mr. Soule's third section is devoted to a brilliant and incisive analysis of the failure of the Hoover and Roosevelt programs to cope with the fundamental reasons of capitalist crisis. In many ways, some of the most successful writing in the book is to be found here. All in all, "The Coming American Revolution" is an excellent example of typical American polemical literature, as characteristically American as, let us say, were "Wealth Against Commonwealth" and "The Promise of American Life." But Mr. Soule has traveled far from Henry D. Lloyd and Herbert Croly; and so has the America of the nineteen-thirties from that of the eighteen-nineties and the nineteen-tens.

LOUIS M. HACKER

The Ukiyo-ye Primitives

The Ukiyo-ye Primitives. By Yone Noguchi. Privately published. American Distributors, E. Weyhe, New York. \$15.

BY way of introduction, it might be well to give an explanation of the words "Ukiyo-ye" that figure in the title of Mr. Noguchi's book. The term "Ukiyo-ye," pictures of the transient world, is descriptive of the content and purpose of Japanese prints—to be a mirror of the fashions, the theater, the favorites of the stage and Yoshiwara in Yedo of the Tokugawa period. The term coined to describe this popular art was really one of contempt, implying that here was a mere reflection of a world of unrealities in contrast to the permanence of things in the world of Buddhism. It was a bit of intellectual snobbery on the part of the aristocratic classes who considered beneath their notice this expression of the cockney populace of the capital.

It would be well to look briefly at the conditions in Yedo, the Tokio of the seventeenth century, that forms the background and material of the Early Ukiyo-ye. Seldom in the world's history had there been such a sharp line of demarcation as existed between the ruling military classes and the great mass of shopkeepers, artisans, actors, and courtesans that were the population of Yedo. The Daimyos and knights treated the peasants like animals and despised the artisan class of the capital. These latter were at the bottom of the great inverted pyramid of military feudalism. The military aristocracy in this age of great extravagance when a Daimyo could line a road with gold screens, that could devote itself to the esoteric refinements of the tea ceremony, considered as vulgar the popular art of the townspeople. When the Daimyos came with their trains for the enforced six months' sojourn in the Shogun's capital, the city of Yedo flourished as never before; the artisans battened on the hundreds of retainers that made up the households of the lords. There flourished the other arts that have been immortal in every capital since Babylon, and in the gaudy life of the li-

censed quarter, the artists found a never-failing source of inspiration. At one time no less than fifty theaters were operating in Yedo. The populace followed the foibles and fashions of their idols of the stage with all the avidity of the modern cinema addict. This interest called into being the first of Kiyonofu's actor prints. It was in the green rooms of modern Tokio that many of the most valuable collections of prints have been found, the heirlooms of one of the great hereditary professions in Japan.

The makers of prints were not necessarily painters. Theirs was a craft as special as the sword-maker's and with a similar pride in work, a similar aristocracy of taste in workmanship. Mr. Noguchi's book, the first of a series of seven on Japanese art, treats of the period from 1650 to 1765, the age of the great craftsmen who made possible the achievements of Utamaro and Hiroshige. The term "Primitive" as used in connection with the prints applies not to any lack of sophistication in the design, but to the undeveloped technique of printing in the years before the invention of the color block. The distinction between artist and craftsman is intentionally made, for the pioneers of the print industry never dreamed that they were anything but workmen supplying an article for which there was a demand. The prints were used as bill posters, as New Year's cards, as advertisements for the new class of town traders at Yedo, as souvenirs of the capital, and, later, as illustrations to popular guide books. The prints of this period have a vitality, a sort of rustic strength that is the special factor in every archaic art—a lovely economy of fastidious taste, to a certain extent conditioned by the primitive technical resources of the craft. Although technically imperfect, the tradition of great design that had been kept alive in the Tosa and Kano schools was perpetuated by the early masters of Ukiyo-ye. The painter Iwasa Matabei and the lyric decorator of screens Sotatsu may be credited with the beginnings of the Ukiyo-ye subject matter. This is a lusty art, far removed from the esoteric refinement of the tea ceremony, and, like the art of the seventeenth-century Dutch painters of Kermesse, an exuberant reflection of contemporary life in the Bohemia of the capital. The Ukiyo-ye represent in many ways the most expressive art of all the East, not bound by any convention not self-made, and without obligations towards religious dogma.

To a certain extent it is true, as Lafcadio Hearn once observed, that for an occidental to perceive the truth or the beauty or the humor of Japanese drawing, he must know the life which these prints reflect. Even today at the Kabuki theater we are reminded of Kiyonaga's actor prints, and in the slender beauties in the little houses by the river in Kyoto, may recognize the darlings of Toyonobu's prints. The long pennants of dyed cloth trailing in the Kamo River, the gaudy, fascinating horror of the Yoshiwara, the cleanliness and saneness and simplicity of the Japanese interior—these are all features of Japanese life that we may recognize in the earliest Ukiyo-ye. Their unpretentious and sincere charm together with the distinguished mastery of design is enough to raise the best of the Japanese prints beyond such delights of association and recognition to a place in art beyond race and geography. Especially in the so-called "Primitives" the eye is delighted by the draughtsmanship in thin, sweeping, wire taut contours—with no concern for effects of light that troubled later print-makers under the influence of Western art. Neither do the prints of this early period rely on the effects of setting or on the devices that came with the perfection of the color block—their effectiveness depends on the magnificent flat patterning and on the extraordinary rhythmically posed figures, conceived—especially in the work of the Kwaigetsudo School—as moving tactile silhouettes. With all the limitations of the craft in its beginnings, the early Ukiyo-ye men were extraordinarily successful in giving a feeling for space by the skilful placing of the figures against meager settings, in giving a definite life quality to the pose, and suggesting marvelously

the relations between people, both tender and sinister, in the world of the prints by the turn of the head, by an exquisite and significant gesture of the hand.

The story is an old one of how the prints were used for tea wrappers and for such utilitarian purposes as to patch torn screens and fusume, until the discernment of such connoisseurs as the de Goncourts brought them to the attention of the Western world. It was the directness and simplicity of the Ukiyo-ye design that must have appealed most strongly to such nineteenth-century French painters as Degas who saw in them new inspiration in composition and design.

Although it seems unfair to criticize a man writing in a foreign language too severely, there appears to be little excuse for so many "Japanicisms" in Mr. Noguchi's text, especially when competent revision could so easily be undertaken by one more familiar with English. Mr. Noguchi's manipulation of the language is such that it frequently obscures the meaning of whole passages. In fact the complete absence of the revision alleged in the preface almost leads one to suspect the author's use of Japanese-English as a purposely affected quaintness. His aesthetic judgments tend toward the sentimental and are for the most part so superficial as to be of practically no value. Another glaring fault is that the chapter on the beginning of prints in Asia and on the founder of Ukiyo-ye, Matabei, is presented as a "postscript" and not, as would seem logical, as an introduction.

To make the book of real value to the connoisseur we could also wish for a list of seals and actors' *mon* such as are furnished in Binyon and Sexton's compendium on Ukiyo-ye. Although the format of the book leads one to suspect a scholarly treatise, such is not the case; the author never more than flirts with old problems, such as that of Kiyanaga II, without offering any new solution. In spite of this defect and its shortcomings as a popular work, Mr. Noguchi's book gives us what are undoubtedly the finest reproductions in any work on Ukiyo-ye that has yet appeared in English.

BENJAMIN ROWLAND, JR.

Which Is Which?

Reality and Illusion. By Richard Rothschild. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

THE contempt for philosophy discovers its seat in the presumption of the sophist, not in the severity of the philosopher. It is the sophist who would persuade us to wisdom or to his doctrine by means of rhetoric rather than of reason, and who, to flatter our vanity and perhaps his own, would name his *enthymemes* demonstration and his prejudices insight. Among the untutored, however, the sophist gains and will always gain an audience, since sophistry, like art in the conception of Mr. Richards, consists in the satisfaction of impulse, and the forms in which this satisfaction would express itself change with the moment and the place.

Richard Rothschild in the brief inclosure of a single book, would present us with a transcendental Aesthetics or the Grasp of Reality, an Ethics, a Theory of Religion, Organics, Politics, the Problem of Society and the Meaning of History, a treatise on Mathematics or the Problems of Science, and finally, for his and our last end, the Quest of Happiness.

It would be vulgar, with reality eloquently defined as the unity of the larger self, the background and synthesis of the individual and the group, to dally with the peculiar elements of any particular discipline. To ask whether the words "background" or "science" answer to one thing or many, and if many, what the distinctions between the many are, to inquire into the various significance of unity, or to ask why vastness of quantity should be the measure of perfection and time the synthesis of

synthesis—these verbal labors are suitable to the philologist; they do not merit the attention of the philosopher. From him or from Mr. Rothschild we shall learn, if we pursue the book to its close, that in every joy there is an element of pain; that the morphology of pleasure is cyclical; that to desire a thing leads merely to frustration, if only the frustration one feels when the thing is finally possessed; that in respect to happiness . . . we may conclude that the only difference between the mature individual and the immature is that the pendulum in the case of the former swings to greater extremes of exaltation and depression; and that Mr. Rothschild finds it convenient to deliver these necessary truths in a loose and barbarous mode.

LINCOLN REIS

Epic of a Class

Escape from the Soviets. By Tatiana Tchernavin. Translated from the Russian by T. Alexander. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

If you are looking for an example in support of the dictum that really "fine writing" is natural writing, you can do no better among current books than to offer Tatiana Tchernavin's "Escape from the Soviets." A more unpretentious, simple story has seldom come any reader's way. If a book is a bridge over the gulf that separates reader from author, this book is a bridge so delicate as to eliminate both bridge and gulf. Here the reader sits eye to eye with the speaker—the veritable teller of the tale. If he has an ounce of sensitiveness, he can hear the voice itself of the narrator; quiet, controlled, exquisitely just in its emphasis, disattached from the personal in a way that makes this story the epic of a class—unless we employ new Russia's term and say "category"—of people. Somehow, here, all the difficulties of translation seem overcome, and we listen to a story common to all mankind.

Common, that is, to all mankind when in the throes of revolution. And its tone should make for the reader's attempt to catch this author's point of view. She never seems to forget—nor ever have had to remember—that revolution is always revolution, and so never—whatever the aim of its leaders—free from cruelty, injustice, stupidity, with unimaginable horrors a part of each day's work.

The story begins with the birth of her son, in 1918. "The revolution as such," she says on her first page, "did not frighten me. I was brought up in a very liberal professorial family and felt convinced that the overthrow of the autocracy would lead to real political freedom." Her husband was a scientist—both of the intelligentsia, the simple class source of all their later woes.

For twelve years—until 1930—the Tchernavins contrived to exist by way of their professions. Madame Tchernavin, forced out of teaching when her schools were disbanded, took charge, first of the Pavlovsk Palace Archives, and then, under the NEP regime, became assistant curator of the Hermitage Museum at Leningrad. By 1930, the intelligentsia were doomed as "counter-revolutionists" to "save the face" as the Chinese put it. Tchernavin was arrested first and later convicted and exiled. "And what shall I do all by myself, mother?" the twelve-year-old child asked, when Madame Tchernavin's arrest seemed imminent. "Go to school. Wait for me. Take food to daddy and me in prison—you know there's no one else to do it," was the mother's reply. In March, 1931, she was arrested and held till the following August.

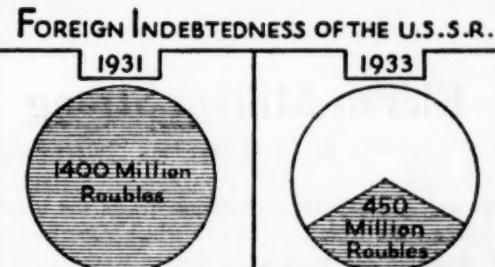
On page 165 there is a map, "showing route of escape" from Kem, where Tchernavin was a prisoner, to Finland. The thirteen-year-old boy had bought one, on first word of their getting permission to visit his father. The rest of the story is the

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journey to Kem and "escape from the Soviets." The plan, the delay, and the action—which covered three weeks. Long flight of the hunted from the hunters, with compass lost at the start, the father fallen ill with a bad heart, the boy crippled with an abscessed foot, and, finally, mother and son left in the forest, while the father labored on toward Finland. Not a word of heroics, but a fresh, new saga of human courage!

The "enemies of Russia" will like this book, and the sentimentalists likewise. But it is not written by "an enemy of Russia"; nor, above all, by a sentimental. The exposure is stark, and carries truth in every line. It is straightly addressed to every true friend of Russia within and without the Soviets.

EDNA KENTON

Eleven Million Strong

Women Who Work. By Grace Hutchins. International Publishers. \$2.

IN her latest book, Miss Hutchins draws the usual Communist morals from the lives to which American industry still condemns too many of its women workers. The facts she marshals to prove her frankly stated thesis portray a sadly familiar and shameful story. According to the last census, some 11,000,000 women were gainfully at work in the United States, almost two-fifths of them less than twenty-five years old, almost three-tenths of them married. Not theoretical notions on women's rights, not a desire for pocket money, but the hard necessities of their own support and that of their dependents drive these women into factories and mills and offices. Still concentrated in unskilled and semi-skilled trades, suffering from numerous discriminations on the job, they face, too, the double burden of work inside and outside the home. And for this they draw, on the whole, pitifully low wages, work frequently under harmful conditions, and face always the insecurities of slack times, old age, and ill health.

The general conclusions Miss Hutchins draws from these facts would be indorsed by most students of the subject. In addition to their basic human requirements, women workers need labor laws and working facilities to safeguard their specific physical constitution. But the mere formulation of such legal standards guarantees nothing. The laws must be vigilantly enforced; and enforcement demands constant policing. Experience has proved that the best police force lies in organization of the workers themselves. The American Federation of Labor, with few exceptions, has failed as yet to organize women, though the history of labor and the successes achieved by particular unions amply demonstrate that they can be organized. It is in organization, too, that individual women workers must seek their ultimate salvation. Professional and increasingly mechanized white-collar jobs no longer offer sure "rungs up the ladder of success" for the ambitious. In them, as in all others, women must fight for better wages and conditions, social insurance and increased security.

So far Miss Hutchins wins general agreement. But when she departs from the realm of science and enters that of politics, the affirmation which becomes her argument has no place for caution, qualification, or weighting. It merely extols in chapter after chapter, for instance, the labor organizations associated with the Trade Union Unity League as the shining exemplars of invariably correct tactics for improving women's conditions. Communist Russia, apparently, can afford to admit mistakes; American Communists never make them. The Communist argument lumps all employers without distinction as driving exploiters of labor. The more damning truth appears to be that even the best-intentioned among them cannot always maintain their progressive policies against the pressures of in-

dustrial fluctuation. It reduces all obstacles in the way of Communist triumph to conscious capitalist machinations or capitalist reformer poltroonery. Yet surely the desire of women to please men arises from something more than capitalist propaganda; and surely, too, such indiscriminate disparagement as Miss Hutchins heaps on all who fight in the same battle but with different weapons is itself conscious machination.

But even more important, this political affirmation leads Miss Hutchins at times into virtual misrepresentation. Two instances on which I have first-hand information are glaring enough to undermine confidence in a good part of her detailed evidence. When Miss Hutchins describes the suspension of the six o'clock night law for women in Massachusetts textile mills (p. 113), she fails to mention or misstates six qualifying facts that put quite a different color on the situation. The suspension of the law is only for the period of the Recovery Act—an experimental effort to substitute national code standards for State legal ones. Under its terms girls less than twenty-one years old still may not work after six o'clock. Not only Governor Ely and "textile mill owners, including the 'liberal' Henry R. Kendall" urged this course; the State Federation of Labor and our socially responsible Commissioner of Labor and Industries also urged it. The special regulations that followed the suspension do not seek to control the percentage that women may constitute of the total employees in any mill, but of the total permitted on night shifts. They have been made not alone for cotton but for each branch of the industry, and only after joint consultation with labor and employer representatives. Similarly when Miss Hutchins cites Bay State wages (p. 142), her quantitative adjectives are misleading. It was not in "many factories of the Bay State," but in one out of eighteen studied at New Bedford and Fall River during February and March, 1932, that "employers paid all of their employees less than \$10 a week."

Yet because Miss Hutchins's purposes are mainly political, scientific criterion cannot yield final judgment on her accomplishment. Nor can anti-Communists refute her contentions by decrying her program. Nothing less than the elimination of the undisputed conditions she describes can effectively meet her challenge.

SYLVIA KOPALD SELEKMAN

Not Even Heroic

Tin Soldiers. By Robert Wohlforth. Alfred H. King, Inc. \$2.

IT would be rather hard to say who is, or will be, the most unpopular graduate of West Point—Robert Wohlforth or Colonel T. Bentley Mott, U. S. A., retired, whose article in the March issue of *Harper's* gave such a courageous, frank, and illuminating picture of this famous institution. Both have painted, in no uncertain colors, its grueling and soul-destroying regimentation, its planned, leisureless days, its unvarying (from year to year) class-room assignments, lectures, recitations, and examinations which make the "poop-sheets" so useful and accurate to those who have had neither the time nor the intelligence to prepare their work. Colonel Mott's article is, of course, the more scholarly; Mr. Wohlforth's novel the more vivid and absorbing. But "Tin Soldiers," though it is a novel, does without doubt give a true but sordid account of the careers at West Point of eight or ten cadets. John Alwin, "an average man," whose inamorata (a wealthy Long Islander) falls in love with and eventually marries his handsome Italian roommate, "Dok" Cipriano, is the principal character of the book; but other classmates receive nearly as much attention. There is the Negro, LePere, for example, who sticks it for three years only to quit, not because he is openly persecuted but because he is absolutely ignored and left to himself. There is also the

athlete, Emil Kranz, who is continually in danger of being lost to the football team because of his weaknesses—studies and women. Just one instructor is at all fully drawn—Major Bookel, an arrant coward, who, because of mistreatment while a Beast (that is, a freshman) years before, has been taking his revenge on the cadets ever since.

There is nothing that smacks of "The Rover Boys" or the tales of Richard Henry Barbour in this book; it is strongly reminiscent of Percy Marks's "The Plastic Age" and should be ranked almost on a par with it. Yet this story of West Point deserves special consideration, because it helps to shatter the illusion that young men in clean, trim, resplendent uniforms are perfect or, at least, heroic. They can be, and very often are, stupid, cruel, perverted, ill-mannered, and cowardly. Furthermore, cadets who are told that "you must first see that the little 'you' fits himself into the system of West Point and not try to change the system to fit you" and who are not even allowed to decide for themselves the most trivial things (for a flag is hung out "to tell you when to wear your rubbers and wear your heavy underwear") are, by the time they have graduated, deprived of all sense of initiative and originality. The point is this: that if America turns fascist—and that day may be nearer than we think—then our lives will be lived in much the same way as life is now lived at West Point, with the same type of man, if not the very same men, as our dictators.

THACHER WINSLOW

The Economic South

Economic History of the South. By Emory Q. Hawk. Prentice-Hall. \$5.

WRITING about Southern institutions and development has gone through several phases. In the ante bellum period and extending past Reconstruction, there was adulation on the one hand and invective on the other. Though economic forces underlay it all, politics was the staple of debate. Later came monographic treatment, in which calmer appraisal showed itself. Even in these special studies, however, one was apt to find lingering certain motives of attack or defense. Straightaway exposition arrived only recently. But still we lacked broad inspection and inclusive statement. This was unfortunate, particularly because there was no convenient means of acquainting students in the South and out of it with the economic history and problems of the region. In Professor Hawk's book we have come a long way from the eclectic travelers' diaries, the apologies for slavery, the sentimental memoirs, and the bloody recollections of the Civil War.

What other large district is so inviting a field of exploration for the economic historian as the Southern States of America? Here, compressed into a short span of experience, are elemental social forces succeeding one another—colonial beginnings, agricultural reliance, a slave economy, war and its aftermath, industrial achievement, and national consciousness and tolerance emerging in the place of sectional pride.

Professor Hawk has read widely, condensed skilfully, and combined his materials ingeniously. He has shown a sense of proportion, and his volume is chock full of facts. His writing is clear and smooth, and does not neglect an occasional grateful pleasantry. Here is a picture of the economic South, in all its essentials, in all its stages.

For all the fact of the existence of monographic material and statistics (the latter by no means always in usable form), Professor Hawk has had to do a deal of spade work. This is partly responsible for the lack which the present reviewer discovers in the presentation. Objectivity need not preclude—indeed, it should induce—conclusions. Generalization and inter-

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pretation are as essential as exhibit. Though the subject matter steadily invites it, I do not find the author's own judgment as actively at play as I could wish. Professor Hawk is excellent at modifying dogma, but this need not imply unwillingness to point a moral. He has not done things that he ought not to have done, but he has left undone things that he ought to have done. The fundamental opposition in the South's story is, when all is said, that between staple agriculture and slavery on the one hand and industrial variety and free labor on the other. The penalty and recompense in each of these systems are not, it seems to me, sufficiently illumined and brought home to the reader and student. The weight of opinion must be, surely, on the side of diversification, enterprise, and industrial democracy. The South, moreover, has not only a past but a future, and it is eminently appropriate that a book of this sort should draw powerful lessons, for Southerners and others, which will give direction to the solution of pressing problems.

The South has made most of the mistakes which ignorance in the many and arrogance in the few, widespread poverty and concentrated power, could lead to. Despite this, Southerners like to believe that there is in the section a special capacity for confessing past error and mustering fresh resolve. It is to this talent, this gift of public candor, that Professor Hawk might have appealed more successfully than he has done.

BROADUS MITCHELL

Jewish Social Planning

Judaism as a Civilization: Toward a Reconstruction of American-Jewish Life. By Mordecai M. Kaplan. The Macmillan Company. \$5.

MORDECAI KAPLAN sees that reform Judaism has failed as a medium of Jewish adjustment. "It is as though a family were to organize itself into a philosophical society." The synagogue has lost its character as a communal center and became a temple for occasional worship. The rabbi has metamorphosed into an oratorical proxy performing religion for a congregation, mostly women, which finds social ascent rather than social justice through its channels. From Ellis Island to Temple Emanu-El (or perhaps, even, Ethical Culture) has become the familiar heroic saga.

Nevertheless, though he sees the situation in all its desperation Mr. Kaplan believes that Judaism has a fifty-fifty chance of survival, and advocates pulmutor efforts at revival of an integrated Jewish life.

His essential outlook is not dissimilar to that of Stephen Wise, but he is less vociferous, with a mind more formally philosophic and a program more systematic. He sees that present Jewish adhesiveness is based largely on sheer momentum, the coercions of anti-Jewishness, and what may be called the "shikse taboo," the tenacity of the Jewish family's abhorrence of intermarriage. But that is not enough for survival through a crisis as serious as that created by contemporary anti-Semitism. There must be determined social planning. Kaplan proposes, therefore, what may, without disparagement, be termed a species of unisolated ghettoism. Jews in America are Americans first, but theirs is the privilege of a twin culture. Only in Palestine can the Jew live a completely Jewish life, but Jews everywhere may take heart to create a flourishing civilization, fecundly artistic, accelerating the renascence of Hebrew, pro-Zionistic, of course, and still basically, but not wholly, religious. This is the most dignified and well-thought-through program which has yet been offered to Jews who are not willing to assent bovinely or sullenly to the fact of their Jewishness or are relieved to forget it, but regard it as an opportunity for creative cultural activity like so many other less central phases of their

life; the more so as it is an exercise of that piety which Santayana praises as a "reverent attachment to the sources of one's being and the steadyng of one's life by that attachment." Nor will many wish to deny to an amorphous historic people the same "will to civilize" which is vouchsafed any living organism, especially since the richness of cultural diversity is so evident. Moses told God a long time ago that the Jews were a stiff-necked people. Neither the Jews nor the world have as yet succeeded in belying him. But with the old sanctions gone, they will not be able to muddle through.

Kaplan has worked from the inside out, and this book as it stands is not sufficiently comprehensive a synthesis to represent the needs of all American Jewry. His functional sociologic approach reveals his thorough modernity. But his discussion of rival interpretations is too labored in terms of library distinctions, while his linkage into the present suffers from the fact that his reconstruction has been in the making for a period of fifteen years, before the crystallization of politico-economic faiths had offered so ready an alternative and the Nazi onslaught had once again basically threatened Jewish security. How does he meet the challenge of the former Menorah group, now among the "unpossessed"? The times call poignantly for decisive penetration into controlling contemporary forces which Kaplan has only grazed. But perhaps that is material for a second opus.

It is surprising that more attention has not been paid to the structural parallelism of Judaism and Communism, both of them envisaging a guaranteed movement through history to a this-worldly era of justice, engineered by the downtrodden for the benefit of mankind. Thus Jewish radicals, following Marx, have only to substitute a wider content for a virtually identical pattern, and the influx is rapid. The fate of Jewish culture now rests mainly with the middle class, as Lewisohn doubtless sees in coming to their defense. The workers are too pressed under our order to find time for the amenities of even one civilization. They seek both a faith and recreation through other channels. But that is the reason why, going beyond a recognition of the Prophetic base of the Jewish tradition, Kaplan's program involves, by deeper implication, the widest and most concrete implementing of "social justice." For those who dissent both from Heine's dismissal of Judaism, as not a religion but a curse, and from Marx's conviction that what the world needs is not emancipation of, but from, the Jew, Kaplan's analysis is uniquely clarifying and positive.

BERYL HAROLD LEVY

Shorter Notices

The Social Cost of Industrial Insurance. By Maurice Taylor. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.25.

This is the first comprehensive survey of industrial insurance from the social point of view. Particularly interesting is the history of burial insurance, which developed from friendly and burial societies. The volume has an amazingly comprehensive bibliography, and indices of subjects and authorities, with much original material, including an authoritative mortality table which indicates an actual mortality so low as to cast doubt on all present day life-insurance cost and practice. The author shows how the companies have departed from their proper functioning as insurance companies, their growth as savings institutions with insurance as an incident: he shows how less is being paid each year in death claims, and more as savings payments: that despite the 700 millions paid each year in premiums, the companies fail to give adequate burial protection, and are unsatisfactory as a means of saving or of practical thrift, because of the inability of the policy holder to get his savings when he needs them, and the tremendous expense, as well as the

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many millions entirely lost when premiums are not paid for three years, or partly forfeited as an unwarranted surrender charge. Although stressed as a thrift encouraging agency, industrial insurance has failed to prevent destitution or dependency, even tending to create dependency, if not destitution. Dr. Taylor questions the ability of the working classes to carry their present savings-insurance load, even in normal times, and shows that the compulsory savings feature is incapable of being temporarily suspended in periods of reduced income. He mentions but fails to detail the notorious selling methods of the agency force, insists that there is too wide a gap between the expressed ideals of the home office and the practices of the agent, officially prohibited but practically countenanced. He suggests simple but far-reaching reforms, and hints at government insurance, despite his belief that insurance requires selling. There is a certain timidity in the presentation of the facts, and a deference in the conclusions arrived at. On the whole, however, Dr. Taylor's volume is a well planned and executed work.

Discrete Series. By George Oppen. The Objectivist Press. \$1.

Mr. Oppen is an Objectivist, a descendent of the Imagists. Like William Carlos Williams he pictures boldly and allows the reader to relate the pictures given as separate images within a single poem. He differs from Mr. Williams, however, in that almost every poem describes an actual movement of objects. Either the images are those seen from a train or from some vehicle in which the poet is placed, or are actually in motion themselves. Sometimes Mr. Oppen presents, as it were, a level or plane of movement, images seen from a certain angle. He draws his images from modern industrial life. He presents them in much the same manner as the impressionist painter might. His work, however, has the fault which is characteristic of this whole school of poets. The images are not fused with the emotion. They merely objectify it.

Functional Affinities of Man, Monkeys, and Apes. By S. Zuckerman. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

Most contemporary students of anthropoid apes concern themselves only with functional studies and evade the problems of classification and evolution. Dr. Zuckerman, the English author of "The Social Life of Monkeys and Apes," who is now at Yale, has here undertaken the difficult task of appraising the extent of the contribution to private phylogeny of recent experimental researches on the physiology and psychology of apes and monkeys. He has written an extremely competent work which may be regarded as an indispensable supplement to "The Great Apes," by Yerkes and Yerkes, which summarized the historical literature. The diverse studies of specialists, who are often ignorant of the work done in parallel fields, are critically evaluated and brought into focus in a composite picture which will serve as a point of departure for all future research in this subject. It is clear that inquiries which have gone beyond anatomical structure to an analysis of such problems as the mechanisms of reproduction, of blood reactions, and of anthropoid intelligence have worked havoc with the early schemes and generalizations of the age of Darwin. In fact while the intimacy of the kinship of man and the apes has been increasingly substantiated to the chagrin of the bigots of the Bible Belt, there is not a single important conclusion as to the sequences of evolutionary development that can be declared to be proved to the unanimous satisfaction of authorities. Zuckerman's book, alert with discerning and provocative judgments, indicates the vast field for research that lies ahead. It is designed for scientists, but intelligent laymen will be cheated of a rare treat if they let its technical vocabulary prevent them from learning of the many ways in which they differ from—and resemble—their nearest relatives among the lower animals.

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Aneurin Bevan—Labor Member of Parliament
F. Hollering—Former German Editor and others

ALLEN TAUB, Prosecutor

MONDAY, JULY 16, 8 P.M.
St. Nicholas Arena, 69 W. 66th St., N.Y.C.
Adm. 25c. Auxiliaries Anti-Nazi Federation of N.Y.
158 West 23rd Street

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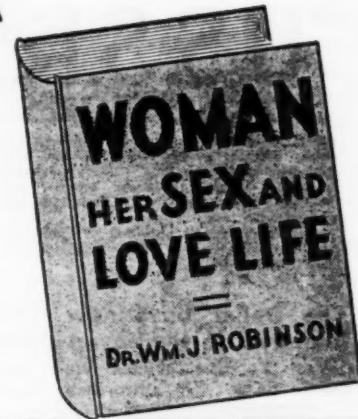
Here is a brave and gallant book which gives to all women—and men too—every important fact concerning woman's sexual activities. It is the work of Dr. Wm. J. Robinson, one of America's most noted Sexologists; a pioneer in the field of sex education. There is no other book available which can match *Woman: Her Sex and Love Life* for thoroughness, for frank and open language, for sensible and usable advice.

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Harry Elmer Barnes, the distinguished sociologist, says: "Woman: Her Sex and Love Life is the best book on the subject in the English language to put in the hands of the woman who aspires to order her amatory and conjugal life on the basis of scientific facts, common sense, and decency". The Council of Christian Associations (Commission on Relations Between College Men and Women) said: "This volume, *Woman: Her Sex and Love Life*, is a popular exposition by a sexologist of international reputation. There are probably no more clear, direct, thoroughly informative volumes on the subject than this." And here is the comment of the Medical Review of Re-

views. "Dr. Robinson has crowded an amazing amount of practical information in his *Woman: Her Sex and Love Life*—especially as related to marriage relationship."

More than 300,000 women and men have read Dr. Robinson's wonderful book and have profited from its practical and definite information. It has solved their problems, helped them to avoid mistakes, showed them how to find and enjoy the glorious happiness of true love based on real knowledge.

Dr. Robinson describes woman's body, her organs, and their functions. He advises parents how to help their daughters meet the myriad problems of adolescence. He tells women what to expect of marriage, how to face jealousy and flirtation. He tells wives how a husband's love may be retained. He is particularly generous in explaining the manifold experiences women may expect in maternity. In a word, every point in woman's career from girlhood onward is thoroughly explained in Dr. Robinson's valuable and important book. Read elsewhere on this page the partial list of contents of this great book.



Read This Partial List of Contents

This partial list of the 200 chapters in the book reveals how much vitally important information is given:

Sex knowledge of paramount importance to girls and women.
Place love occupies in woman's life.
Changes at age of puberty.
Who may and may not marry.
Birth Control.
What is love?
To girls approaching womanhood.
Single standard of morality.
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